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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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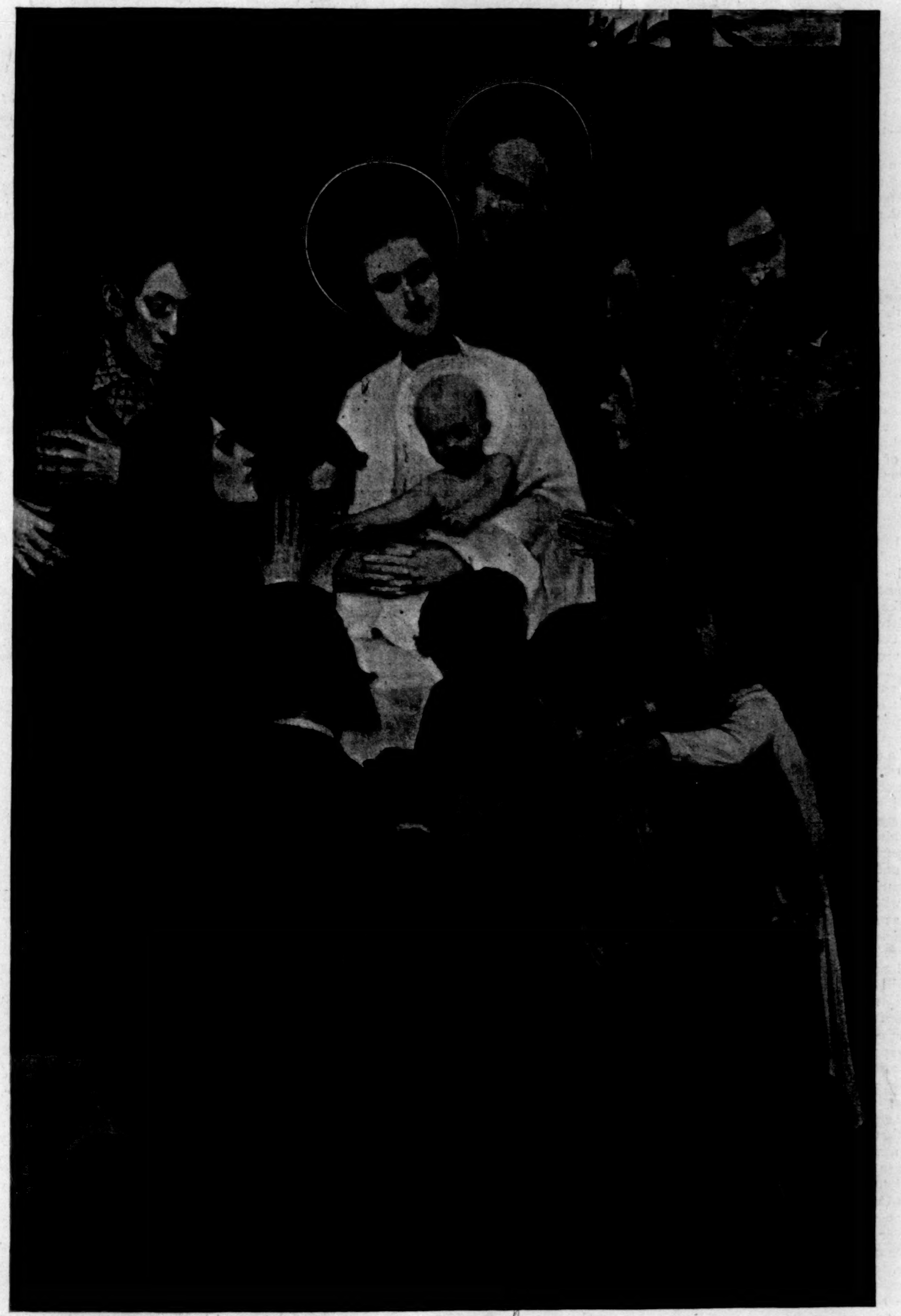

THE HOLY FAMILY.—Drawn by F. Luis Mora.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(THIRTY-TWO PAGES WITH ILLUMINATED COVER.)

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

NO state paper of a more non-partisan character ever issued from the White House than the annual message President CLEVELAND sent to Congress on December 3d. There is not a word in it about the "Democratic party," "Democratic principles," or "Democratic policies." It is probable that at present the President is not proud of his party; perhaps he doubts whether he has any party at all behind him, and there are good reasons for such a doubt. At any rate he speaks as if no political divisions existed. His message is a matter-of-fact statement of the affairs of the government interspersed with a few reflections and recommendations, sound but not spirited, prompted by steadfast conviction, but apparently not energized by sanguine hope.

As to our foreign relations, which are, on the whole, friendly and honorable, he recommends that the discriminating duty on sugar that has created so much unpleasant feeling in Germany, and is believed to have provoked retaliatory measures against our cattle and meat exports, be abrogated, which is certainly in the interest of the commerce of both countries. He also suggests by implication that we should withdraw from the absurd Samoan muddle as best we can, which is equally sensible. He agrees with the Secretary of the Navy as to the somewhat questionable desirability of the building of more large battle-ships, but is very moderate in his views concerning the necessity of increasing the army, about which there has been since the labor troubles in Chicago much exaggerated talk. His recommendations that effective measures should be taken for the protection of our forest reserves, and that a national board of health should be established, will certainly have the support of public opinion.

On the tariff question the President has but little to say, but that little is to the point. He is "still very decidedly in favor of putting iron and coal upon the free list." As to the sugar duties, he expresses the wish that "every particle of differential duty in favor of refined sugar be stricken out of our tariff law," and he utters some sentiments concerning the Sugar Trust which it would have been well to put forth at the critical period of the tariff discussions in the Senate, when the President was evidently misled by Secretary CARLISLE. He correctly recommends the prompt repeal of "the ancient provision of our law denying American registry to ships built abroad and owned by Americans," which "appears, in the light of present conditions, not only to be a failure for good at every point, but to be nearer a relic of barbarism than anything that exists under the permission of a statute of the United States," and he supports this recommendation with an argument based upon our present tariff laws which does honor to his understanding as well as to his patriotism.

The closing paragraphs of the message, devoted to the gold reserve and the currency problem, are the most important part of it. The President declares, with a clearness and emphasis which cannot fail to have a very reassuring effect with the business community, that he will exert his power to the utmost "whenever and as often as it becomes necessary to maintain a sufficient gold reserve, and in abundant time to save the credit of our country and make good the financial declarations of our government." This means that he will sell government bonds as often as the gold reserve requires repletion. At the same time he clearly sets forth that so long as the circulating obligations of the government in the shape of government paper money, after having been redeemed in gold, are reissued, and may be presented for redemption over and over again, the remedy of replenishing the gold reserve by bond sales can have only a transitory effect, the gold going out again as it comes in, and that we are thus moving in a vicious circle, and shall never be at rest unless a more radical and permanent remedy be provided. It now turns out how right those were who at the time of the discussion in Congress of the resumption bill in 1874 insisted that the maintenance of specie payments would never be fully assured so long as the government paper money, instead of being cancelled upon redemption, was put in circulation again subject to repeated redemption.

Partly to cure this harassing evil, and partly to provide the country with a currency that has the much-needed virtue of elasticity, the President presents in his message a synopsis of a plan of currency reform which is more elaborately set forth in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury. The President justly observes that "the absolute divorcement of the government from the business of banking is the ideal relationship of the government to the circulation of the currency of the country." As a step in this direction a modification of the present banking laws is proposed, relieving the national banks of the obligation of depositing United States bonds as security for their circulation, and permitting them to issue circulating notes to the amount of seventy-five per cent. of their capital, to be backed by a deposit with the government of legal-tender notes, by a safety fund to be accumulated from a small annual tax and various liabilities of the bank assets and the stockholders—a scheme which at the same time is to bring about a gradual retirement of the government's circulating obligations. Lack of space forbids a discussion of the plan in detail. Suffice it to say that several of its features have, in principle at least, already had the approval of weighty professional opinion, and that its official submission to Congress will no doubt cause discussions of all its features, not only in that body, but by competent men all over the country, not unlikely to enlighten the public mind and to evolve great improvements in our financial policy.

As to civil service reform, the President's remarks are short but forcible. He simply tells the spoils politicians not only that the results of the reform measures so far adopted have been very satisfactory, and are highly appreciated by the people, but that "a vast majority of the voters of the land, growing to be unanimous," are heartily tired of spoils politics, and wish the nuisance done away with. The natural conclusion from this utterance would be that the President, feeling himself in his reform sentiments backed by the people, will no longer hesitate to use all his powers and opportunities to make an end of the spoils system. It is to be hoped that he will draw this conclusion himself.

TAMMANY'S PLACE IN POLITICS.

THE place that Tammany Hall occupies in our politics is unique. The WEEKLY has occasionally likened its hordes of place-holding mercenaries to the pretorian guards of the days of Rome's degradation. Like their prototypes, they have lived on the plunder of the people they were supposed to serve. They have sold the chief magistracy, and their price has been the opportunity to rob, blackmail, persecute, and terrify the citizens, both the virtuous and the vicious, the criminals and the law-abiding. They have been able to do this because the organization to which they belong, although in fact only a band of public plunderers, with a mere pretence to political principles, has been recognized as the representative of a political party. In effect the Democratic party, both in its State and national councils, has accepted Tammany Hall as the mouth-piece of the Democratic voters of New York city. Thus the Democratic organization of the metropolis of the country is a private club which admits to its membership only those of whom it approves, to which all Democrats may not belong, even if they desire to do so, which is formed only ostensibly for the promotion of Democratic principles, whose leader last winter visited Washington for the purpose of ordering Tammany Congressmen to vote against the principal Democratic measure then pending in the House of Representatives, whose sole object now and for several years past has been the control of the State and municipal governments for the pecuniary gain of its leaders, and whose constant ally is the Republican boss of the State. This, we repeat, is unique. These modern pretorians stand for more than their predecessors. Those were able to sell the imperial office because they had arms in their hands; these have been able to sell the mayoralty because they were recognized as regular.

The Democratic party ought to have no part to play in municipal politics. Municipal business ought not to be conducted on lines of Federal policy, and it is to be hoped that the union of persons of all political faiths in support of Mr. STRONG is a first step towards the divorce of two incongruous mates. Tammany Hall is a bad influence in municipal politics because its power depends upon the continuance of the policy of conducting municipal elections on the lines of party politics. Its influence is bad not only because its leaders are bad men, because its purposes are criminal, but because it is the embodiment of a bad system. Tammany, under existing conditions, is the Democratic party in New York city, and in order to maintain good municipal government neither the Democratic party nor the Republican party should have anything whatever to do with the business of the municipality.

Therefore the best interests of the city are threatened by every effort to reorganize Tammany for the purpose of improving its moral tone by placing at its head a man or a company of men who will win the confidence of the voters. So far as the city is concerned, it is best, if Tammany must survive, that it shall remain under suspicion, that its leaders shall be subject to police surveillance; but, above all else, it is best that it die. It is the outgrowth of a system which lies at the root of much that is evil in our municipal government. Moreover, this prevalence of party spirit in municipal affairs is presenting their most difficult problem to all who are trying the experiment of governing cities through democracy. The recent municipal elections in England and Wales were a series of local contests between Conservatives, Liberal Unionists, Liberals, and the Labor party, and county councillors were chosen on the issues of home-rule, or the veto of the Lords, or the Employers' Liability bill. The conflict against the nationalization of municipalities is to be fought on both sides of the water. It will be strenuous, and the outcome is very far from being assured. But New York will have gained much in the strife if Tammany is kept under. If this club of plunderers is denied the added strength of party loyalty, party itself will be less difficult to cope with. Between 50,000 and 60,000 Democrats in this city have shown themselves capable of non-partisanship in municipal politics. If they are admitted to a share in the control of their organization, the seeds of non-partisanship will be sown where they will bring forth the most beneficent crop.

It is also for the best interest of the State and country that Tammany should not reorganize as the Democratic party of this city. Citizens of all parties are deeply concerned in the character of every party's organization. A Tammany-controlled Democratic party is an evil thing for the Republican as well as for the Democratic citizen, for it means bad government whenever the Democratic party is in power. By the decision of the last Democratic State Convention, Tammany has the exclusive power to elect delegates from New York city to State, and therefore to National conventions. If Tammany is to be permitted to reorganize on the basis of this decision, the Democrats of New York city and State who helped to bring about the downfall of Tammany and HILL at the recent election will continue to be denied the right to participate in the primaries and conventions of their party. This club is to speak for them, to select candidates for city, State, and Federal offices for them to vote for to govern them. The party which professes Democracy is itself now ruled by an oligarchy, by a few of the worst men in the city. No such authority was ever before given to a mere political club. And the authority, under the present ballot law, is recognized by the State itself, which prints the club's ballots as the regular ballots of the Democratic party. Tammany holds the Democratic conventions of the city, nominates the Democratic candidates for the Legislature and Congress. If Democrats who do not like Tammany candidates want to vote for other Democratic candidates, they cannot contest within the party; they must bolt, and endure the inconveniences and serious drawbacks which HILL, PLATT, and Tammany have imposed upon independent voting.

Therefore, not only the city, but the country, the State, and tens of thousands of Democrats are interested in bringing about the end of Tammany. It is down, and it ought not to be permitted to get up. The man who fought Tammany at the last election, and now proposes to reorganize it by putting better men at its head, is as insane as if he suggested a reform of the police force by a mere transfer, a "shake up," of the blackmailing captains. Tammany has no place in politics. It is merely the club of the slums. It ought to be fought until it starves to death for lack of plunder.

THE SUGAR TRUST'S FOLLY.

THE threat of the Sugar Trust to close its Eastern refineries was characteristic of the methods of that monopoly. It was made by Mr. H. O. HAVEMEYER, the president of the Trust, within a few days of the meeting of Congress, and Mr. HAVEMEYER based the pretended necessity for closing the refineries and turning thousands of men out of employment on the probability of the passage of the free-sugar bill, which, having gone through the House of Representatives at the last session of Congress, is pending in the Senate. At the time when this threat was uttered there was small probability that the free-sugar bill would be passed by the Senate. There was then no evidence, so far as the public knew, that the hold of the Trust on the Senators who compelled the surrender to its demands was weakened. But Mr. HAVEMEYER's interview has evidently greatly discredited the Trust in Washington. It has aroused a widespread indignation against the Trust, which, coupled with the popular verdict in the country, and especially in his own State, has compelled even the obstinate and cynical Senator SMITH to denounce the friends by adhering to whom last summer he incurred much deserved odium.

The threat was clearly ill-timed, and otherwise indicative that to Mr. HAVEMEYER, as to other men who have been cleverly and astutely defiant of the public sentiment in favor of morality, and whose success in corruption or selfish greed has seemed unbounded, there has come a time when folly has taken possession of him. So cruel and unnecessary was his threat that the President felt constrained to mention it in his message, and to express a willingness, in view of it, that the especial protection enjoyed by the Trust should be repealed.

Mr. Havemeyer apparently thought that he had only to drive his working-men into the streets to stay the hand of the advocates of free sugar. But he forgot, or never realized, the almost universal hatred which his own and his associates' conduct in Washington had inspired. He and they were among the most potent factors of Democratic defeat. The country believes that the Trust purchased protection from the Senate, and that Gorman, Brice, Smith, and some others were practically its agents. It knows from the testimony of the two Havemeyers and Searles that the Trust habitually corrupted both political parties. It has reason to know that the Trust is amply protected, and that if it has lost money or failed to make it in the last three months it is because it was too confident in its power to postpone the operation of the act until the 1st of January. More important than all else is the knowledge that the business of refining sugar is conducted in this country more cheaply than anywhere else in the world, and that the Trust can actually pay some duty on its raw material and still compete with the German and English refineries in the markets of the world. It knows from Henry O. Havemeyer's own testimony, given in 1880, that American refiners do not need protection.

The indignant outcry with which Mr. Havemeyer's threat was greeted was followed by the return to the refineries of the few working-men who were discharged. This was a confession that, instead of being under a stress of evil circumstances, the Trust could not afford to stop production even for a few days, and for the purpose of preventing the passage of the free-sugar bill.

The result of all this ought to inspire the Senate to do something towards curing one of the grossest scandals that ever tainted it. The differential duty at least should be abolished. If this much is accomplished the country will be grateful for Mr. Havemeyer's folly.

SECRETARY LAMONT'S REPORT.

Secretary Lamont recommends that the army be increased by 5000 men. This is a much more modest suggestion than that made by General Schofield and seconded by General Howard. Moreover, the Secretary avoids the mistake made by the major-generals, and does not ask for additional troops to attend to the functions which properly belong to the police of the civil branch of the State governments. Being a civilian himself, and long connected with the administration of governmental duties, it is probable that Mr. Lamont realizes that the use of the regular army for maintaining the public peace may be made too easy.

The Secretary bases his recommendation wholly upon professional grounds. And, as the Weekly has already asserted, no layman will be inclined to dispute the validity of those grounds. Every soldier and student of military subjects must agree that there are strong reasons for increasing the number of enlisted men in the army. As the Secretary points out, the intention of Congress that the army should consist of 25,000 men is not realized under existing conditions. It is to be presumed that Congress meant that the army should have 25,000 effective men. But the various contingencies of post duty and human ailments reduce the force several thousands, so that the increase recommended by the Secretary would no more than bring up the effective force of the army to the number authorized. Every one who has any knowledge whatever of the posts of the United States army is aware that at many the proper policing and guarding of them so depletes the command that not enough men are left for military drill and instruction. At a large post in the vicinity of this city, where four batteries of artillery are stationed, there are times when not more than twenty men can be mustered for parade. Moreover, the Secretary urges that the three-battalion formation be adopted. This is the modern formation adopted by all properly organized military bodies. The existing formation of the United States army is obsolete, and unless it is changed our troops could not meet an enemy on equal terms.

All these reasons for an additional number of enlisted men are valid, and appeal to the intelligent lay mind, which, in this country, has the final decision of the question. Indeed, they would sustain a recommendation for a much larger increase of the force than the Secretary has suggested. Congress should entertain them seriously. The law-making body has been prone to carelessness and seeming indifference in its dealing with this important branch of the public service. It ought to bear in mind that the smaller the force is, and 50,000 enlisted men would constitute a very small army, the more necessary is perfect formation and perfect discipline and instruction, because, in the event of war, these few soldiers of the regular army must leaven the mass of volunteers who will compose the bulk of the national defence on land.

OUR PLIGHT IN CHINA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

Upon returning home from China I found myself in the thick of the excitement caused by my exposure of that namby-pamby foreign policy of our government which leaves thousands of Americans in Asia to the protection of foreign ships, while our war-vessels are kept at home or in English or French waters. I meant to criticise the last half-dozen or ten administrations, but the present Secretary of State has chosen to fit the blame upon his own head. To me it is a matter of American pride, not of politics. I expected franker answers than mere denials. All Americans have a right to expect such a response as Minister Denby got when in quick confirmation of my complaints he appealed to us to send him marines to save his life while he is performing his duty in Peking. The order despatching the *Baltimore's* men from attendance upon the chrysanthemum displays at Nagasaki back to China has the right ring about it. It is the sort of order that England or Germany gives, except that their subjects do not find them napping, and except that England would send a dozen war-ships where we send one cruiser. If China is disjointed and divided among the leading powers of Christendom at some early day, the countries that keep squadrons there will get squadron shares, and there will be nothing left for Uncle Sam and his wooden side-wheeler *Monocacy*—not even an "If you please," or a "Beg your pardon."

When I left Shanghai the other day my country's colors had not been seen in that bay during the two months that I was in that neighborhood, but suddenly the tiny little *Concord* came to break the record of humiliation. She dropped anchor beside a French, a German, a Russian, and four English war-vessels, and her officers learned that the English were to mass thirteen or fourteen fighting-ships there before the winter set in. Such facts and comparisons hurt the souls of the Americans in China, and one—a man of note among them—told me the other day that he had long acknowledged his nationality with shame. He expected to be laughed at when he admitted that he was an American, and he said that for years, when he had seen the ferry-boat *Monocacy* drifting sidewise into the harbor, his gorge had risen in shame for his country. It is not that the *Monocacy* is not a valuable boat for service in shallow rivers. I agree with the navy officials that it is of great use. But it is not fit that it should be left almost alone in China to represent us year after year, while the other powers develop trade and strength in the lee of their great ships and guns. It is not fit that year after year Americans should be taunted with keeping their ships at home or in Europe. It is not fit that every Briton and German and Frenchman should say that our country sends a petty twopenny fleet to Asia only to have it held at Yokohama, or some other Japanese port, where the delights of Japan are enjoyed at the cost of a nation's shame. We have not needed a war-ship in Japan during twenty-five years, but in Amoy, Foo-Chow, Tien-Tsin, Hong-Kong, and Shanghai a dozen of our best ships would have made the lives and self-respect and pride of our citizens worth speaking of, which has not been the case there in the same length of time. On the contrary, the fact is (as it was expressed to me by one of the keenest Americans who serve their country in China) that "our government owes it to the missionaries in China to order them all out of the country until it can mass its best war-ships here to command for us the respect which the shrewd Chinese officials now see no reason to grant to us."

It seems to me there is something greatly amiss when I have such a statement made to me on leaving China, and then come home and read in an interview with a high American official that "it is usually the custom for one or two vessels to hold the station and for the rest to go away, leaving it to those on the station, of whatever nation, to look out for the interests of all foreigners." If that is the view of our government, if that is a fair sample of our concern for our fellow-citizens, and if that is what American pluck and pride have been reduced to, Heaven help this country. Such an argument is on a par with our putting ourselves in a position where the only thing we could do with the Japanese who came to us for shelter was to "turn them over to the Chinese" to be tortured and slain. Our government now says that the protection we offered to the Japanese was "protection of their consular archives." Positively, I say, that explanation comes too late, for the acting minister, the consul-general, and the consuls who represented us in China when the Japanese students were arrested never so understood the rôle they were made to play. When Mr. Jernigan went to the president of the Imperial Japanese bank in Shanghai and said to him, "You and the two or three hundred of your compatriots who are here had better depart, and stay not on the order of your going," that gentleman was amazed. He supposed himself safe in the shadow of the American flag. But he was convinced that he had better go, and he went, else literally hundreds of heads would have followed those of the two Japanese students who died as spies. Is there any doubt of it? No American in China doubts it. Witness the fate of the peaceful, devout old Japanese priest who was dragged from his pious retreat at Ning-Po and beheaded as a spy the while the Chinese told our consul at that port that it was none of his business why the priest had been arrested. If these things are not true it will be easy to dismiss them. If they are true, I am in duty bound to write of them.

·THIS·BUSY· ·WORLD·

When the Bishop of Rochester, New York, undertakes to thump an adversary, the job is apt to be thoroughly done. He has a fine natural gift for thumping, and though a practised discretion restrains the exercise of his talent, when he does feel at liberty to let himself out there is always a skilful and effective demonstration. Bishop McQuaid's recent rebuke to Archbishop Ireland makes as lively reading as the narrative of a football match. He says that the archbishop came from Minnesota before the late election and meddled with politics in the city of New York. He says that Catholic bishops have no business to meddle with politics at all, much less to do so away from home, and that if Archbishop Ireland's conduct were not condemned, it would be impossible to keep the priests of the Rochester diocese from imitating his example.

Bishop McQuaid is one of the strong men in his Church, and a prominent representative of that party in it which has been most zealous in the development of the parochial-school system, and is most desirous of having it supported by the State. He is an excellent fighter, and inasmuch as it is usually his lot in differences to have to contend with persons of less rank than himself, it probably refreshes his valiant spirit to stand up on occasion with a man of his size, and give and take in honorable combat.

Colonel W. R. King, of the engineers, says that the abilities of his big-gun magnets at Willets Point have been overestimated. A recent paragraph in this corner of the Weekly, following a long and seemingly veracious newspaper story, stated that the big magnets had been found to derange the compasses of ships six miles away. "Of course," writes Colonel King, "a pebble thrown in the ocean at Coney Island will, theoretically speaking, produce an ever-widening circle of waves that will finally reach the shores of Europe. So the magnetic waves will extend indefinitely, but at a distance much less than 'six miles' they will become homœopathic forces of at least the tenth 'attenuation.'" According to tests recently made of the effect of the big magnet on the compass it is found that at a distance of fifty feet in a line nearly east and west through the magnet the deflection was 85°; at 100 feet, 16°; at 150 feet, 8°; and at 200 feet, 2½°. Hence we may perceive that a compass six miles off would not be very seriously affected.

A recent paragraph in this corner of the Weekly about the annual fall stockholders' free ride on the Boston and Albany Railroad brings a note from Shelbyville, Tennessee, to say that a similar custom has long obtained on the Nashville and Chattanooga road. On that road the stockholders are carried free for three days annually. "Formerly," writes the Weekly's correspondent, "the stock was divided up very much, and the stockholders would take their lunch-baskets and spend the whole time on the cars." The custom originated, no doubt, as in the Boston and Albany case, in a purpose to bring the stockholders to the annual meeting.

Mr. Hamlin Garland, who has as much fun with his theories as the next man, is reported to have announced himself the other day, before the Chicago Society for Ethical Culture, to be in favor of the abolition of copyright. He would not, apparently, abolish copyright alone, but would be willing to see it included among a lot of other special privileges, and have all of them abolished together. The newspaper that gives this much information does not tell what the other special privileges are, but one may guess that if the right of the tailor to demand compensation for the clothes he supplies, and the right of the grocer to get pay for groceries, were abolished, the author might spare the copyright privilege without serious inconvenience, and still continue to be an author.

Paris *Figaro* quotes freely and with much comment from Mr. Poultney Bigelow's article on the Cossacks in the November Harper's Monthly. It does not agree with Mr. Bigelow in thinking that the Cossacks would do well to throw away the whips which they carry, and wear spurs instead. Spurs, it thinks, would be a hinderance to the equestrian acrobatic feats which the Cossack excels in, and the whip or knout, it says, is very handy in recalling nihilists to a sense of their duties. Mr. Bigelow himself speaks of it as a useful instrument in spreading the doctrines of the Greek Church.

Mr. Du Maurier's original drawings for the illustrations of *Trilby*, which have been on exhibition at Mr. S. P. Avery, Jun.'s gallery on Fifth Avenue, have been sold all together by the author to a London purchaser, and will presently be sent back to England. The exhibition of them here closes on December 15th. They have been much looked at and much admired, some observers who were familiar with the reproductions finding unexpected excellence and beauty in the originals.

What is this story the newspaper tells of President Capen, of Tufts College? Tufts College has an annex for girls, wherein are maids of all degrees. The story is that one of them, a serving-maid, had a lover, who came to see her of a recent evening, and when he went she kissed him good-by. A professor saw the kiss, and went and told the president that an annex girl had been seen kissing a man in the twilight, whereupon President Capen gets all the forty annex girls in line next morning and rebukes them severally and collectively for atrocious misconduct. All being guiltless, all were very mad, and when the servant-maid let the truth come out they were madder than ever, and are waiting for their president to apologize. But he had not done so at last (newspaper) accounts, and it is possible that the State Board of Arbitration in Massachusetts may be called in to reconcile the angry virgins to their preceptor.

The saw that "human flesh is bound to err" is trite enough, to be sure, and the fact that compositors, and, alas! even editors, are not infallible needs no proving. In the issue of Harper's Weekly of November 17th Mr. Henry W. Fischer is made the victim of some unintentional misrepresentation. In his article on the "Czar at Fredensborg," words spoken by Herr Oxholm, the Danish master of ceremony, were placed in the mouth of Mr. Fischer. Also, Mr. Kjeer, the Danish detective, was given the credit of a speech properly belonging to his Russian colleague. Mr. Fischer feels that he should be placed right in this matter, and we take pleasure in making this public correction.

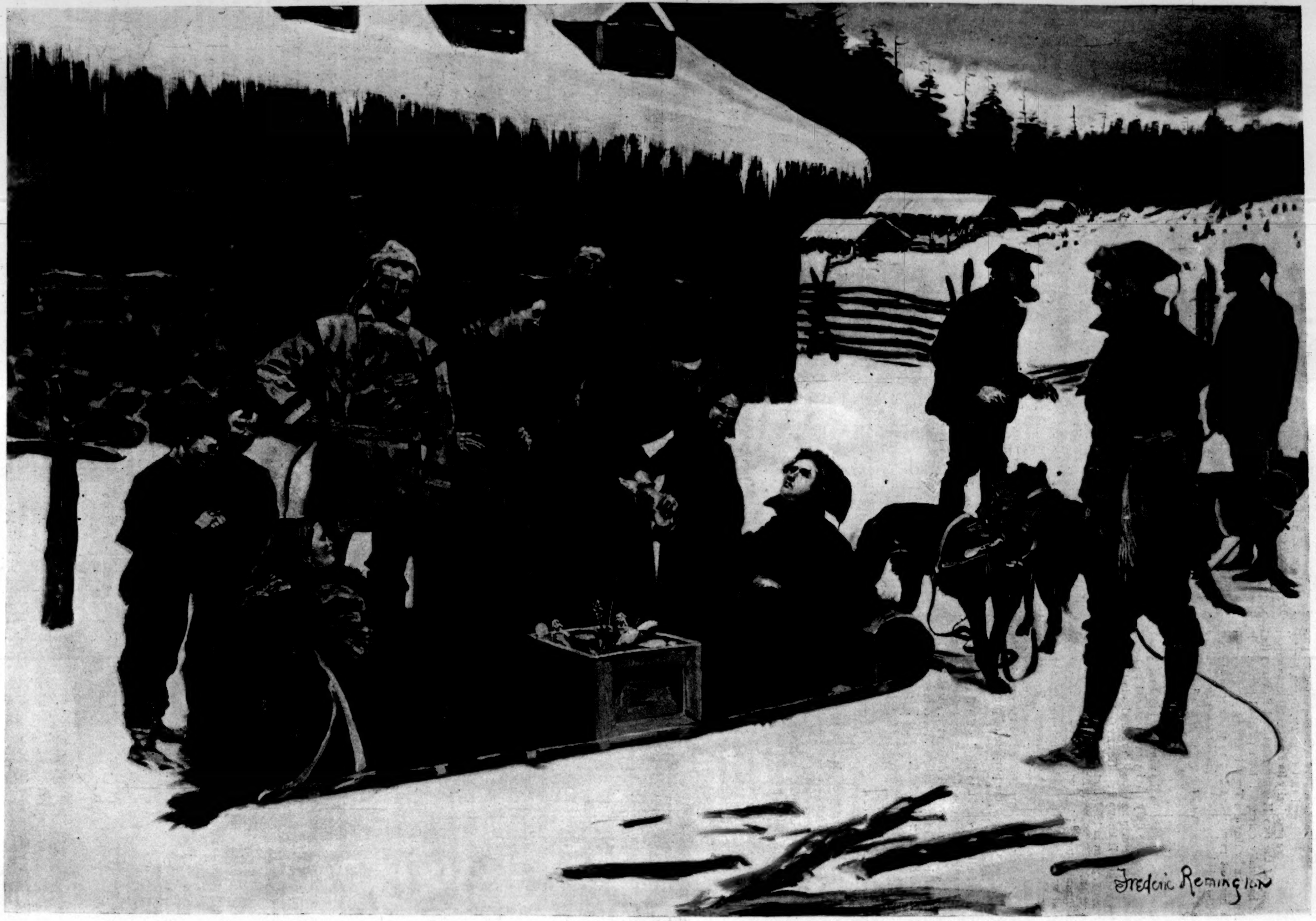
Whatever basis there was for the expectation that the Walters collection of pictures and other things would come to New York, it was insufficient. Mr. Walters left his collection to his son and daughter, with the recommendation that one should buy the other out and keep the collection together. Inasmuch as the son has inherited Mr. Walters's Baltimore house which has the pictures in its gallery, and inasmuch as he is said to want the collection, the chances seem to be that he will buy it and keep it where it is. Inasmuch as Mr. Walters thought Baltimore a good enough town to keep his treasures in during his lifetime, it was hardly to be expected that he should provide for their removal to New York after his death.

Neither Mr. Walters's will, nor any disclosures made since he died, have thrown any light on the fate of the Peachblow Vase. What ever became of that remarkable trophy?

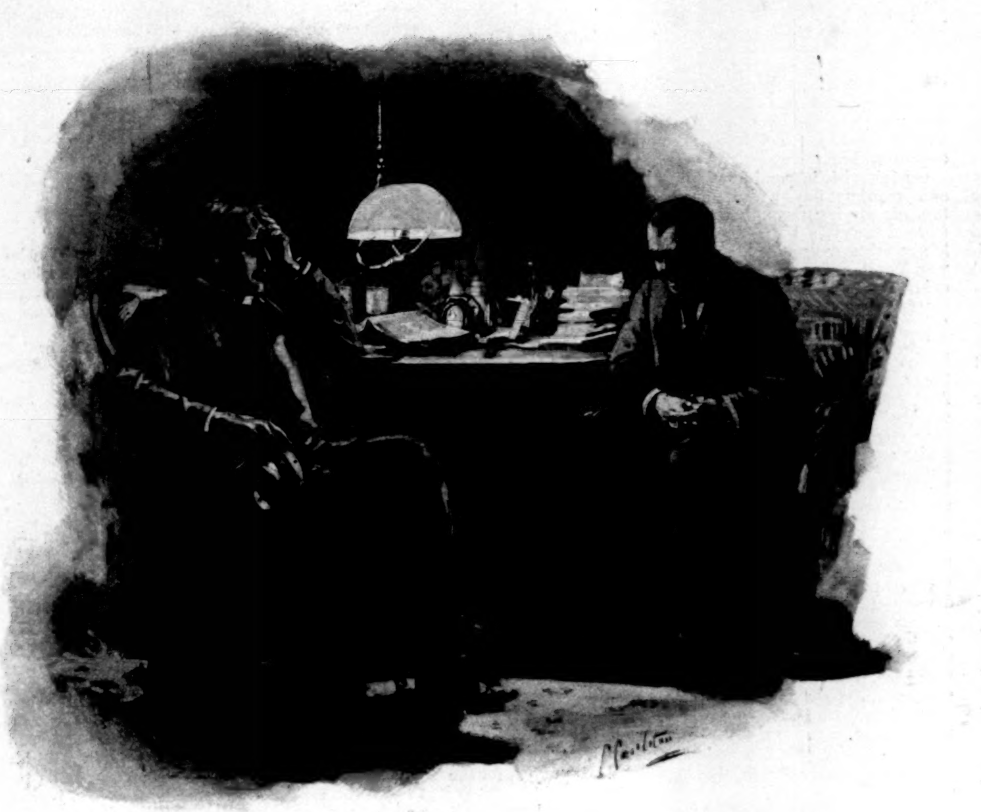
It is the right of reformers to feel strongly, and to express themselves a little more strongly even than they feel. Mr. William Lloyd Garrison affords a happy illustration of an inherited capacity both for feeling and for expression when he says, in a recent letter to a contemporary New York journal, "I sometimes doubt whether all the pulpits of Massachusetts counterbalance in a year the demoralizing influence of a single month of Harvard College."

Of course this is an ambiguous thought, and is susceptible of several interpretations. Mr. Garrison may feel that since the death of Bishop Brooks the pulpits of Massachusetts have ceased to exercise any appreciable influence. But if he thinks the Massachusetts clergy are worth their salt, he must ("sometimes") have a truly dreadful opinion of Harvard College. If he would take the pains to collect and set forth the grounds on which this opinion is based, it is possible that if it proved to be well founded the Great and General Court of Massachusetts might take away Dr. Eliot's license.

E. S. Martin.


Frederic Remington

HOW SANTA CLAUS COMES IN CANADA.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.



"'I AM NOT SO SURE,' SAID THE BISHOP, 'THAT I AM YOUR SPIRITUAL SUPERIOR.'"

THE REV. SETH.

A Christmas Story.

BY REBA GREGORY PRELAT.

I.—SPIRITUAL ADVICE.

EXALTED positions are only reached by two ladders: one is called merit, and the other influence. Charles Edward Bailey, Bishop of Pennsylvania, had earned the right to wear black satin and lawn sleeves by the former method. He had a wonderful insight into character, and a clever way of handling men. In heaven adroitness will be no longer needed, but on earth we have yet to find a profession where tact is at a discount. Even bishops feel the seamy side of life sometimes, and grow unpleasantly familiar with the trivial meannesses displayed in ordinary humanity.

On a disagreeable August evening the Right Rev. Charles Edward Bailey sat alone in his study. It was sultry, and there were suggestions of thunder, physical and mental, in the air. "The grace of charity is becoming very rare," meditated the Bishop. "The curse of self-consciousness which pervades our century is actually coming into the Church. Of course eloquence, magnetism, even beauty of voice, face, and figure, are not to be despised, for the angels possess them, and yet—and yet—"

Those two conjunctions went sounding down into some celestial record, for George Seth was the answer that came after "and yet—"

He seemed a forlorn piece of drift-wood enough when, in response to the words "Private business," which were written on his card, he found himself seated opposite the Bishop. His unfortunate manner was always accentuated by embarrassment, and big upholstered furniture had a tendency to swallow him. The Bishop looked at him narrowly, and noted several things: First, that the man was not overcome by the luxury of his surroundings, but by his own disability to harmonize with them; secondly, that though his hand twitched and his address was awkward, his gray eyes were remarkably clear and steady.

The Bishop addressed himself, therefore, to that part of the man which betrayed suffering, viz., the external; he had a vague feeling even then that the internal was all right.

"You wished to see me on some private business," he said, in his reassuring way. "Can I serve you?"

"I have sought you out," Seth answered, "because you are my spiritual superior. In that capacity it becomes my duty to recount, and yours to hear, the story of my life. It is not long, and it is not interesting, but it involves a decision. The decision rests with you."

The man's hesitation seemed to vanish, and he spoke for the next few moments with a dreary directness which made an appropriate setting to the barren tragedy of what he had to say.

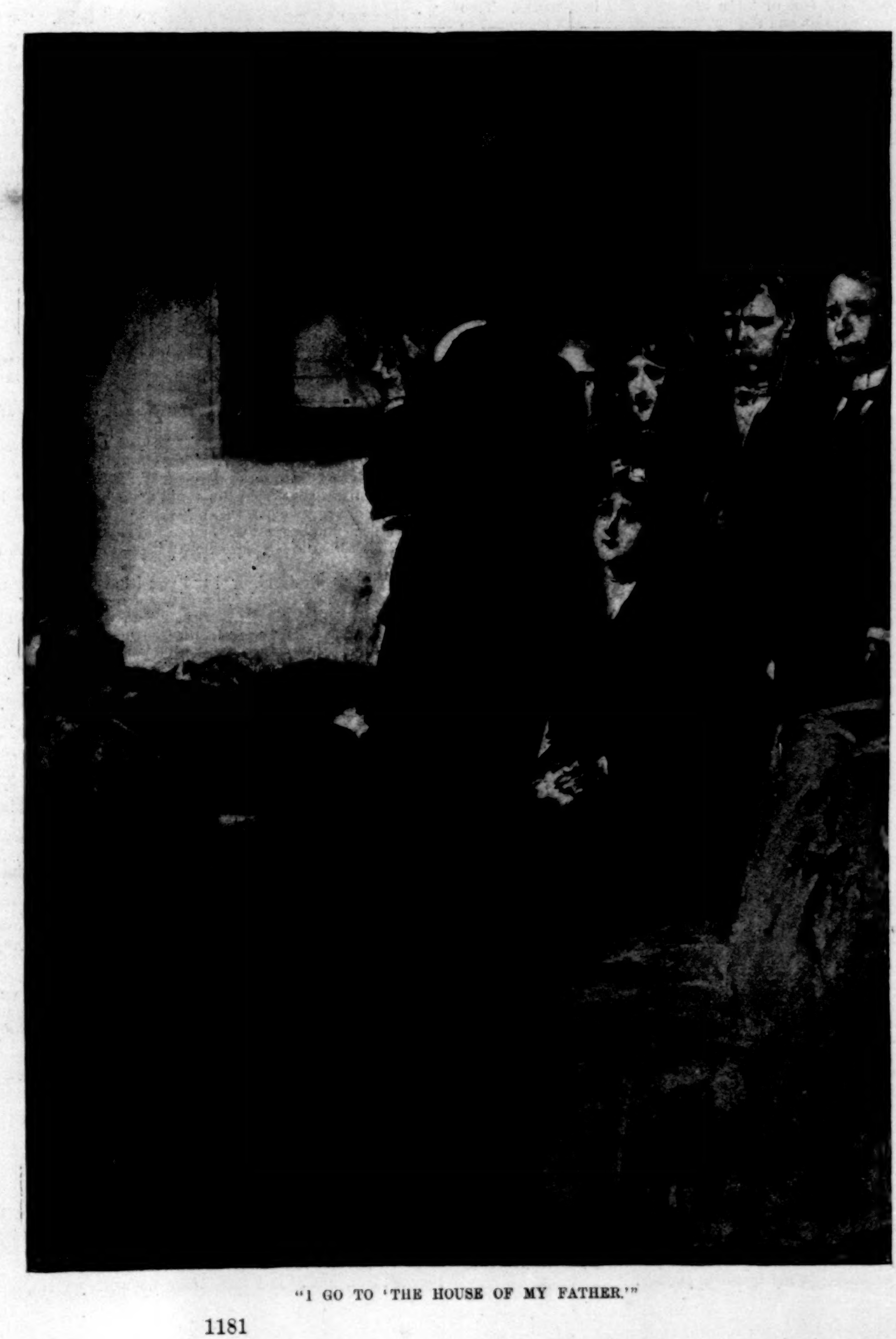
"You see by my card that my name is George Seth. You see by my appearance that I am hideous and ungainly. You also perceive that my voice is disagreeably harsh. I was born with an impediment of some kind in my speech. An operation on the throat has rendered my words intelligible, though they can never be musical. My mother is Mrs. Amos Van Klyten—"

The Bishop started. Mrs. Van Klyten was a wealthy and noted society leader; also a most liberal donor to the charities of the Episcopal Church. The Bishop had met her the year before, when she presided over a monster fair for the benefit of St. John's. He felt that the time for interruptions had not come, however, though he regarded his singular visitor with a new interest.

"Mrs. Van Klyten," Seth proceeded, "was twice married. She has never concealed the fact, but the world has taken little cognizance of it. Her first husband was my father, Jeremiah Seth. He was an Englishman, and lived only two years after the wedding. Six months before my birth he died in an Austrian asylum—a raving maniac. He was a good man, my mother tells me, and a cultured gentleman. His insanity was caused by some physical ailment. He left considerable property, and my share of this gives me an income of four thousand dollars a year. You have now the premises of my life, and I shall not detain you long with the argument. My mother's second marriage colored her life anew, and it was but natural she should not care to be reminded of the past. You can easily understand that *I* could not be a pleasant reminder of anything. Mr. Van Klyten has been most considerate to me, and my half brothers and sisters have been uniformly kind. Well-bred persons, even children, notice misfortune or deformity only by the extra indulgence they accord to it. I have always been fond of study, and I have inherited from my father a deep feeling of reverence for religion. He was a stern Calvinist, but I have been raised in the Episcopal Church. I should like to remain there. I love the stained-glass windows, the solemn ritual, the beautiful music. When I was twenty I began to study law. Abstract subjects interest and practical ones absorb me. I was admitted to the bar; but again you can judge as to what effect I would have as a pleader before judge and jury. Next I studied medicine and surgery. I am very much at home in hospitals. Of course I recognized that my appearance and address would be against me in general practice, but people do not often care who saves a life, provided it is saved. I passed an examination in practical surgery, and received a diploma—*summa cum laude.* About this time I learned the fact of my father's insanity. It had been a mania which attacked him suddenly in the midst of his work. It belonged to the species of mania likely to descend by physiological precedent to his issue. The knowledge of my heredity put a new aspect on things for me. It precluded all idea of marriage, and it gave another bearing to the professions I was qualified to practise. It seemed to me positive dishonesty to undertake for remuneration a law case when I might be liable to lunacy in the midst of it. It seemed dishonest to treat diseases or to use the surgeon's knife for money when brain and hand might turn to instruments of destruction without my volition. The situation seemed difficult, but not desperate. There was still honestly left me the great eternal masses of the oppressed and suffering poor—the legally oppressed who could pay no counsel to represent them, the tortured and the dying who could pay no physician to relieve them. I have managed to lead a very busy life, and I have been very happy. I have been in slave-ships, prisons, and in many epidemics—the cholera in Europe, the yellow-fever in our Southern States and in South America. I was so fortunate as to alleviate pain. I find that the dying, especially those smitten in the midst of life with sudden pestilence, are anxious for the prayers and ministrations of a regular minister. I have often found it hard, sometimes impossible, to procure the services of such a person at such times."

The Bishop flushed, but there was no rebuke in Seth's tone. He was simply volunteering information, not criticism.

"If I were a duly qualified clergyman, though, it seems to me my field of usefulness might be enlarged. I could try to help both body and soul. I would keep a small deathbed communion set and prayer-book in the case of medicines I always carry." The plain face had lighted up at



"I GO TO 'THE HOUSE OF MY FATHER.'"

last with a wonderful radiance. Then he said, humbly: "It may be only a misleading dream of my imagination. I may be too ambitious; it is for you, Bishop Bailey, to decide as to whether I am a fit candidate for holy orders. I will study in whatever seminary you select."

The man whom the Church had delighted to honor, under whose eloquence thousands had been spellbound, felt suddenly awed in the presence of this sublime apostle, who did not guess that he was sublime.

The Bishop gave his reply without the impressive dignity which usually characterized him: "You have not yet the professional qualifications, my dear friend, for this new work, but you have had the soul which belongs to it for a long time. I hope you will study as near to me as possible, that I may personally assist you in whatever technical knowledge I may possess. But to me, from this very moment, you are not Dr. but the Rev. Seth."

"Thank you, thank you!" cried the little man. "You have made me very happy. Our interview shows that it is always well to consult with and to be guided by our spiritual superiors."

"I am not at all sure," said the Bishop, "that I *am* your spiritual superior."

II.—"THE STRUGGLE OF A SOUL."

For fourteen years the Bishop had used George Seth as a valued tool—in home missionary work of peculiar difficulty, in the old familiar round of prisons, in any position where practical Christianity was needed rather than pulpit eloquence.

At last he found a field of labor which he feared might prove less congenial to his strange lieutenant. The Memorial Chapel of Minesboro was without a rector. The dilettante scholar who for twenty years had delighted a small and aristocratic congregation was dead. During his time the poor people in the town had received scant attention. The well-dressed flock on the hill needed no augmentation, and a mission chapel below was not even proposed. The operators and the miners had Methodist, Baptist, Catholic, and Campbellite churches—besides the beer-shops.

"You will change all that," said the Bishop to Seth. "You must make up your mind to do what you can for the hill people; but you can be of great use to the poor in the town. If we cannot avert strikes, we can do what we can to restrain violence. All the coal counties of Pennsylvania are in a terrible condition. Besides, my dear friend, you are fitted by education and family connections to meet the Palmers on an equal social footing."

Seth smiled, and glanced at his forlorn figure in the Bishop's mirror, but he had much childlike faith in his spiritual superior, and accepted the call.

The town of Minesboro lay a mile or so down the valley, and was full of large factories and iron-works. Two of the factories and the largest smelting-works belonged to the Palmer family, who had honestly tried to serve God and man for several generations.

The old proprietor, Stephen Palmer, had built the church as a memorial to one of his sons who fell in the battle of Gettysburg.

The present generation, which had dwindled to one representative, did not trouble itself to grapple with the problem of capital and labor, which is distracting the world of thinking men, particularly those who have no capital and do no labor.

Harold Palmer concluded that working-men had always given more or less trouble, and probably always would. He would pay fair wages and deal honestly. It was the part of the government to attend to the rest. He had just returned from his bridal tour in Europe, and the first Sunday after his return saw the Hall pew occupied. During this six months' absence the old rector had died, and the Rev. Seth reigned in his stead.

The salary attached to the memorial chapel was not large, and the young land-owner knew he could hardly expect the Bishop to send his most eloquent incumbent. Nevertheless, he argued, the society was good, it had been customary to entertain the rector at the Hall, and something better than the Rev. Seth might have been provided.

It seemed as if the minister might easily be lost in the big chancel, and have to be hunted up behind the carved chairs. Harold fell to wondering if he had to stand on a stool when he read his sermons from the tall pulpit.

As the prayers were being read, he whispered to his wife: "How in the world did the Bishop ever appoint such a man to this place?"

The bride put up her finger to her lip. "Don't whisper in church, Harold; it's bad form. If Bishop Bailey arranged for his coming, there is a good explanation somewhere."

But the sermon was worse than the service, for the voice seemed to grow harsher as it strove for earnestness, and there was no grace in the gestures of the lean hands as they waved above his bald head. It would have been difficult, almost impossible, to guess his age; it might run anywhere from twenty-five to forty-five.

"I have come to the conclusion that he is either atrocious or sublime. In fact, he *must* be one or the other," said the bride to her husband after the service.

She had a certain delicate turn of epigram and self-possession in conversation, which led people to think her a much more independent person than she was. That night, as they strolled up and down the long drawing-room, arm in arm, she recurred once more to the subject of the minister:

"Harold dear, why does God give some people so much and others so little? We have wealth and love and everything, while that poor little rector has nothing." Then raising her eyes, she said, with one of her rare intuitions: "Was it Dante that talked about the 'struggle of a soul'? Well, now I know why he haunted me from the first. That is what he reminds me of—the Rev. Seth."

III.—"DYING AND DINING, WE MUST DO THEM BOTH."

Six months after the return of Harold to his home, his wife persuaded her father to come to them for a short visit. He was a marked man in his way, and he filled poor Seth with the old helpless longing for that grace and dignity of manhood which had passed him by. Mr. Ellis had spent much of his life abroad, and he had reduced the Anglomania to common-sense—that is, he had learned to conduct himself so like the potentates of the earth that they could not have told the difference themselves. He was a member of the Church of England, and gave one the impression of a person who dispensed livings to deserving and gentlemanly clergymen. In politics he was mildly conservative, and it would have seemed in keeping for him to point to the left side of his pantaloons and observe, like the Duke of Newcastle, "Why worry about elections, when I have ten seats in Parliament in my breeches pocket?"

In spite of his stately appearance, he was not in robust health, but he bore his ills with the bravery common to fastidious and cold-hearted men.

He loved Bella, and was proud of her. She was his only child, and had been admired both in Europe and America. He had sufficient self-control not to mourn volubly over the fact that she had married American millions instead of British nobility. Yet it was the one sense of failure that oppressed him.

On this visit he conducted himself with all good-breeding and propriety, but he wanted to get away. Even the mountain air coming through the open windows of the library seemed heavy to him. He lay back in the easy-chair, and his breath came rather too quickly as he spoke to Bella. It was Monday morning, and the talk turned on the services of the day before.

"Mr. Seth is the most distinct imposition," Mr. Ellis said. "I trust he is not in evidence socially to any extent—"

"Oh, papa, of course he has called; and he is such a queer little man. He gets so wretchedly embarrassed that I don't know how to pacify him. Pacify him is just the word. And yet they say among the people in the town he does a world of good. No other minister in the Memorial Church ever troubled himself about them. I have a feeling that under a stress, or if he were a friend, he might be at home with us."

"It is a sin to have the service butchered. Why doesn't he confine his ministrations to the 'great unwashed,' then? He ought to join the Salvation Army."

Bella was called from the room, and when she returned her father was deadly pale, and gasping for breath. Just before he actually fainted she caught the words, "Heart-disease—fatal—prayers for the dying—"

They sent distracted servants for the family physician and for the Rev. Seth. The sufferer wanted the prayers for the dying, and he was the clergyman, after all. Bella absolutely lost her presence of mind, and Harold, quite unused to sorrow, did not know how to comfort her.

The Rev. Seth arrived promptly. The gardener had met him coming from town.

"I am glad you are here," Harold cried. "He said, before he lost consciousness, that he wanted the prayers for the dying."

The little minister came forward with that awkward gait which was nevertheless so swift. He felt of the sick man's heart and pulse. "There is organic heart-trouble."

"Why doesn't the doctor come?" wailed Bella.

"The doctor?" said the Rev. Seth. "Oh, he is drunk. I saw him not half an hour ago in the town."

He announced the fact calmly, without even censure in his voice. All the ills and evils of humanity were so familiar to him that he had lost the possibility of shocked surprise.

"How can we get another in time?" cried Bella. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"It is not of the least consequence," said the Rev. Seth, "for I am here. We will soon bring him to." He took a small phial from his black case and measured out several drops in a spoon. Then he lifted up the lifeless form, inserted a silver instrument between the set teeth, pried them open, and poured it down. The powerful remedy told upon the convulsed system in a few moments. A faint color came into the corpselike face. "There must be always prompt attention in these attacks," observed Seth to Harold, "or he will die. I must instruct you in regard to the matter."

By a sort of subconsciousness Harold had wondered at the physical strength displayed by the rector in lifting his heavy rigid father-in-law. He was an unprofessional athlete of considerable experience and knowledge, and for the first time he took in the proportions of the clergyman. He realized that though short in stature and awkward, the chest was exceptionally broad and the arms of unusual length.

Mr. Ellis opened his eyes. "I am dying," he whispered, in a tone of conviction, the circumstances rushing upon his memory.

"We hope not, father," Harold cried, coming nearer. "You are much better."

Mr. Ellis was not shaken. Bella's tears and the presence of the Rev. Seth were proof positive to him.

"I *am* dying," he repeated, hoarsely.

The minister continued the rapid massage which he had begun the instant suspended animation returned. He spoke with the rasping hesitation, legacy of his stammering youth: "No, Mr. Ellis, no—you're not dying—not—not—in the least."

The patient persisted. "I tell you I have but a few moments to live, and I want the prayers of the Church."

The Rev. Seth replied, drearily: "Yes, yes, I understand. Perhaps you would prefer to die—so many do—but your time has not come yet. I must give you all the advantage of medical science—then when you are better I will pray, if you still wish it."

In half an hour the attack was over, and, but for a feeling of weakness, Mr. Ellis was quite himself again. The Rev. Seth, having completed his massage at last and given the medicine a second time, sat sadly in a chair much too large for him. The aristocratic invalid watched him with a half-smile that had a grain of his usual sardonic humor.

"How on earth came you to be provided with medicines, and why did you seem to think I wanted to die?"

The Rev. Seth squirmed in an agony of embarrassment. "I studied medicine and surgery four years in New York. I have a diploma. I think all ministers should be physicians as well."

"But why did you think I preferred to die?"

Seth blushed. "It must have been inadvertence on my part," he said. "Excuse me. One sees so much misery, and the poor are more willing to die than the rich. They are less afraid of hell, because they get so much more of it here. They argue that nothing can be worse than what they have already suffered. They welcome any change—even the eternal one. I—I—spend so much of my life among the poor— Pray forgive me!"

Three weeks after Mr. Ellis's attack they planned a small dining. Bella puckered her pretty forehead over the list. "All the four families on the hill, papa, and of course the Rev. Seth."

The clergyman reflected over the invitation, then murmured, "Unto the greatest of these my brethren," and accepted. He preferred the "least" of his brethren, but the aristocracy, being his parishioners, had claims as well. On the designated evening he presented himself at the Hall, quite limp and shrinking. On similar occasions he had been wont to shelter himself behind tall épergnes; now the little of him that was visible above the board was painfully apparent to all men. His table manners were perfect, however. They showed that somewhere material elegance had familiarly surrounded him. The guests were witty and charming, and the talk flowed, as it always does, into the channel of personal comment.

"Clotilde Manheim is more delightful than ever," cried a lady, recently returned from Europe. "It is so nice for her, being able to spend most of her time in Europe. She lets Mr. Manheim keep the children in the old homestead over here."

"Oh yes, it was a master-stroke getting rid of Mr. Manheim as she did for the winter. She will neither definitely live with him nor without him. She likes his support, but not his society, and she can't bear America."

"She is the wittiest woman on the Continent," interrupted Mr. Ellis. "Why should she leave what James calls 'the dear, the deep, the dark Old World' to watch Manheim manufacture hats in New Jersey? I have often told Bella," continued Mr. Ellis, "that no woman could have a better model to form herself on than Mrs. Manheim."

Above the sound of softly playing music, above the hum of idle talk, rose a strangely pathetic voice:

"I were a coward and an apostate to my cloth did I let such words pass unchallenged. How dare any one point to such an example save with scorn and sorrow? Is she to be taken as a model for innocent matronhood to follow?"

"Perhaps Mrs. Manheim does not realize that some people think her wrong," Bella said, coming to his rescue. "I believe myself it is not right to leave her children as she does. Perhaps no one has ever seriously pointed out her duty."

"It has been done so," returned the Rev. Seth. "In Paris, last winter, she was told that baby arms were stretched out to her across the ocean; that weaker women would follow the misleading torch she carries; that other children might be left while their mothers sought the pleasures of this world."

A dead silence had fallen on the merry group. Had the brilliant beauty of whom they spoke been present, she must have felt for one moment the humiliation of her misspent life.

"You take things *au grand sérieux*," returned Mr. Ellis. "If you knew the lady personally you would love her."

When most of the guests were gone, Bella took occasion to seek the minister. His earnest appeal had touched her, and she wished him to feel that she was not offended.

She found him holding a book of engravings, at which he was not looking. "Mr. Seth," she said, "I am glad you had the courage to speak as you did at the dinner table. I seem to see a good many things in a different light lately. I suppose it is because I am married. Do you know, I should not wonder if I turned out to be a rather decorous and charitable person, after all, with you to help me. Might I ask where and how you knew Mrs. Manheim?"

He answered with a painful effort. "She—she is my mother's daughter. My mother is Mrs. Amos Van Klyten. I was the only child of her first marriage."

After that Bella did not wonder at his perfect table manners.

IV.—A WARD OF THE KINGS.

Mr. Ellis sat in the library contemplating a transatlantic telegram. It called him to Scotland, where some of his largest interests lay. He would have welcomed the summons, as a means of curtailing his visit, if it had arrived several weeks earlier; now there were vague reports in the air which made him hesitate to leave his daughter. "Wars, and rumors of wars," he said to himself. "I cannot understand why America should be convulsed with these political problems. The very words 'capital and labor' make me sick. If that sort of thing is going to evolve into 'strikes' and riots in this part of Pennsylvania, it is no place for Bella; and yet—and yet—"

The two conjunctions suggested to the man of the world, as to the Bishop aforetime, the idea of the Rev. Seth. "I will go and consult with the clergyman," Mr. Ellis concluded.

Next to the Memorial Church was a pretty stone parsonage. Mr. Ellis in the last month had spent several evenings with the Rev. Seth in its well-appointed study. He was rather disappointed when the housekeeper informed him that her master had been away two days.

"There's some trouble in the town, sir, and he's down among the poor dirty things. He sent up here for two baskets of provisions and a supply of bedlinen this morning. He's not a 'lip minister,' the Rev. Seth, but a pocket minister. He prays for people, and pays for them."

"Can you tell me where I would be likely to find him in Minesboro?"

The woman reflected. "They call his new place 'Canal Alley.' You might inquire."

Mr. Ellis descended into the town, which numbered ninety thousand inhabitants. Owing to the large number of poor, it was supplied with an abnormal quantity of slums. Mr Ellis had not taken this into consideration. He walked through the residence avenues and the business portions, then turned down into some pretty streets lined with small neat cottages, evidently homes of the best element among the working-people.

At last he turned back to the "Square" and accosted a hackman: "Can you drive me to a place called Canal Alley?" The man looked amazed.

"It 'll be one of them streets in the North End, sir—the worst part of town."

After half an hour's driving the carriage drew up before a particularly repulsive saloon. The surroundings were of the most forlorn kind—houses in every state of dilapidation and decay. Some of the tallest and dingiest of the factories were near by, and the setting sun lit up their bare windows with lurid effect; they seemed more like entrances to hell than anything else. Thus can human injustice taunt even nature.

The hackman went into the saloon, and presently returned. "He's gone to call the preacher, sir. He says he's mostly about this time of day. The chapel's built in the court-yard."

In less than five minutes the green latticed doors of the saloon parted, and Mr. Ellis felt disposed to faint, for there, in his white surplice, stood the Rev. Seth.

"Is there anything wrong?" cried the man of God, approaching the carriage. "Mr. Palmer, or your daughter? These are dark days, Mr. Ellis. I—"

Mr. Ellis said there was nothing wrong, and then the minister seemed suddenly to remember his garments; but it was explanation, not excuse, he offered.

"We were going, in ten minutes, to have five-o'clock service, and when your name was brought me I forgot to put off my robes. Will you come in?"

Mr. Ellis descended from the carriage, but as he saw his conductor about to lead him through the saloon he stopped.

"Is not this rather a strange place for a clergyman?" he said.

"The place cannot harm me, Mr. Ellis, and I can improve it. The character of this saloon before I came was a thing to make you shudder; it is now quite a respectable 'drinkery.' It will finally cease to exist of its own free-will if I stay long enough. Besides, there is no other entrance to the court-yard except through some private rooms."

Mr. Ellis followed meekly, and never forgot the effect produced by a "priest of the Church of England in sacerdotal robes" crossing through a bar-room partially filled with customers. The patrons of the establishment seemed in no wise surprised, but they rose, and some of them extended a respectful good-evening.

The back door opened on a gloomy court yard, in one corner of which stood a tiny, very tiny, chapel. The court-yard suggested the recent removal of long-accumulated dirt, and the chapel was painted white.

"I wanted a cheerful color," said the Rev. Seth, "and something pure and clean. Poor things, they see so little of the bright side of life!"

Mr. Ellis was surprised at the interior of the chapel, and he started with wonder at the stained-glass windows. He was an artistic judge of such things, and knew their beauty and value.

"The poor people appreciate the windows so much," Seth told him. "This chapel is my Christmas present in advance. I consulted with the Bishop about it, and he thought I might venture to treat myself. It is built out of a little extra money that turned up in our estate. I had trouble in getting a permit from Mr. Mason, who owns all this. He is a bad man, and increases our troubles."

Mr. Ellis still felt as if he were in a dream.

"I thought our Church quite unfitted for this sort of thing," he said. "Can the masses appreciate a chapel like this? It seems money wasted."

The Rev. Seth turned on him. "*You* cannot appreciate it, Mr. Ellis, for art and beauty are old stories to you. Think of meeting them for the first time! But it will only weary you to explain my work here. You have not told me the object of your visit."

"I am called to Scotland by telegram, but I do not like to leave my daughter. There have been mining strikes all over Pennsylvania. The times are dangerous and unsettled. I thought of consulting you; of asking if you believed the troubles would extend to Minesboro. You would be in a position to judge, spending so much of your life among the poor. I will accept your warning, and insist upon Bella's going with me to Europe if you feel the blow likely to fall."

The small bell of the chapel began to ring, for service was near, and Seth answered with that halting nervousness so usual to him on occasions when his noble mind was clearest:

"Would you have your daughter leave her husband and his people when they need her most? She were an accursed woman to have lied at the altar—'for better, for worse.' If the worst comes, her place is here."

"Will it come?" Mr. Ellis asked again. "Is there a possibility of riots in Minesboro?"

"I hope we may avoid them here," Seth continued, regaining his self-possession, when no longer constrained by conscience to attack strictly personal questions. "If the owners and capitalists combine there will be trouble. Let me explain. Mr. Palmer pays fair wages; he is a just man, though inexperienced. Mr. Mason is an unjust man, though doubly experienced. While Mr Palmer, Mr. Hiles, and Mr. Gray refuse to take co-operative part with Mason and the rest, there will be no trouble. There will be if they are persuaded to adopt a schedule of reduction. However, you may rest assured the wave will not strike us before the early winter."

Mr. Ellis felt relieved. How easily we accept the assurance of a stronger nature!

"Then, Mr. Seth, I think I can venture to run across. I shall probably be back before Christmas. I am not afraid of old ocean at any time; and remember, if anything should happen, I leave Bella in your hands—as a sort of ward, you know."

Seth smiled and held out his hand. "I accept the trust. It is a blessed thing, Mr. Ellis, that in this world we are all wards—wards of the King of kings—although it is only after death that we can enter into the 'House of Our Father.'"

V.—"IN THE HOUSE OF MY FATHER."

Christmas week dawned comfortless and cold upon Minesboro. The blow had fallen. A universal strike had been proclaimed for many days, and the dark vulture Riot was hovering over the scene of distress, scenting carnage later on. Mischievous activity was everywhere present. Production being at a standstill, destruction had begun.

Harold Palmer, deaf to the voice of reason and to the Rev. Seth, had joined the Protective Association. When urged by Bella to leave Mason and the rest, he only responded, doggedly,

"I must stand by my order."

The workmen particularly resented his attitude, for the Palmer family had been easy-going and popular for several generations. Had the reduction demanded been less than living wages, Harold might have summoned the courage to refuse. In some of the industries involved in the strike reduction meant starvation. This grim feature, however, did not touch his smelting-works or factories, and the young man resolutely shut his eyes.

The Rev. Seth came but seldom to the Hall, for the attitude of the young couple hurt him.

Bella was in a sad quandary. Her artificial education had not fitted her to deal with life outside her own circle. She missed her courtly father, whose serene indifference covered a genuine courage.

On the morning of the 21st of December she stepped out on to the stone porch of her home. The magnificence surrounding her was oppressive. It contrasted too sharply with the misery in the town.

"Christmas comes on Friday," she said to Harold as he joined her, "an unlucky day at best, and to-day is Monday. I had planned such a different holiday season. It is too bad that people cannot live in peace together. I can never think of inviting any one even to dinner now. Oh, I wish the capitalists would give in to anything. I am sure they had better do that than have the government calling out troops."

Harold's face hardened. "Strong measures must be resorted to, Bella. I wish you had gone to Europe with your father, and were well out of this."

Suddenly the mantle of peevish inefficiency fell from her. She remembered her father's repetition of the Rev. Seth's words: "Would you have your daughter leave her husband when he needs her most?"

She slipped her hand into Harold's arm. "Oh, no, no! Thank God that I am here with you! Harold, we are very selfish. I am going down into Minesboro to-day. There must be some good I can do. I will ask Mr. Seth to help me."

She kept her word, startling the little clergyman some hours later as he came out of the parsonage.

"Oh, Mr. Seth, you are going into the town, I know. Take me with you."

He looked at her costume of velvet and fur, at the diamonds in her ears. Then he smiled compassionately.

"It would not be safe for me to take any woman where I am going in clothes like that. This strike has lasted ten days now, and the suffering is dreadful."

"I can change my dress," she cried. "I feel that I am very selfish. I cannot stay at home any longer. I am not a heartless wretch. Do let me try and do something."

Conventionality was ever a dead letter to him.

"Yes," he answered, "you and your husband have both been selfish and blind. A voice crying in the wilderness, however, revealed to me long ago that you would be an instrument of salvation. A woman as fair to look upon must be a power for good or evil. The housekeeper in the parsonage will lend me some working-clothes for you. You shall put them on, and I will take you with me."

When Bella returned that night her husband had not the heart to chide her. He even listened to the other side of the question as she propounded it.

"The mass of the working-people—our own people—Harold, are not so bad. I believe they would be glad to accept a reasonable compromise. I went to see the poorest of them with Mr. Seth, and carried meat and milk to the sick ones. The real trouble lies with a few wicked and desperate men; they have been in European mobs, and such things, and they want bloodshed and dynamite. They are working against the compromise."

The 22d and the 23d saw Bella still playing the rôle of assistant to the minister. He called her Mrs. Ellis, and she looked so changed that her father would have found it difficult to recognize her. Her black hair was brushed straight back from her forehead, and the ill-fitting old worsted dress she wore made even her lithe young figure appear awry.

On the morning of the 24th she said to the Rev. Seth: "Papa is coming to-day. How I wish these horrors might cease!"

The clergyman looked worn; he had been without real rest for many nights.

"The horrors increase, my dear young lady. Between the anarchists in the ranks of the strikers and the unfeeling harshness of the capitalists I see no ray of light. They say our Lord's birthday is to be desecrated by the presence of troops here to-morrow. You had better remain at home to-day."

But she pleaded to go. "Inaction would kill me. I cannot stay at home."

Brave himself, he saw no reason to oppose her willing sacrifice. It seemed to him she best served her husband's interests by ministering to his misguided employés.

About noon he left her with a case of illness. The woman lay on a small clean pallet, and the corpse of a two-weeks-old baby was laid out on a deal table, awaiting burial. The woman was the wife of one of the most violent ringleaders, an Italian called Pedrito Morales.

He came in after a while with another Italian, and they spoke together softly in their native tongue.

Bella knew something of the language; that is to say, she used it prettily to warble forth operatic airs. Involuntarily she listened, and started as she imagined that she caught a sentence:

"We have got him in the 'death-trap.'"

A moment later she distrusted herself. They were pointing toward the baby, she argued, and the word "death," which she was certain of, referred to it.

She hurried home at three o'clock to meet her father. He had risked crossing the waters for her sake, and was inwardly much horrified at the situation. He nevertheless tried to cheer her.

"These things pass easily, my daughter. But where is Harold?"

Five o'clock came, and still he did not come.

"He is merely detained by some new important development," Mr. Ellis said. But Bella's heart sank.

"Papa, the strikers broke the machinery in one of the large work-shops last night. Every hour there is some new violence, and the troops will be here to-morrow. Mr. Seth was obliged to come back to the parsonage to bury some one from our church at four o'clock. He may not have gone back yet. Come, let us tell him that Harold is away."

They found the Rev. Seth changing his robes. He greeted Mr. Ellis sombrely, and when Bella explained her husband's absence she saw a real shadow of fear cross his face. A wild throb of her heart answered it.

"Oh, can it be that anything has gone wrong? I have been so nervous all the afternoon. I even thought I heard Morales say, 'We have somebody in the death-trap,' but of course it must have been a remark about the dead baby."

By a supreme effort Seth did not start; he even managed to speak calmly:

"I will hunt Mr. Palmer up and send you word. It is early still, barely six o'clock. He has been detained."

In the town all was wild excitement. Harold Palmer was nowhere to be found.

After a diligent search of an hour and a half, Seth despatched a messenger to his home to ask if he had returned. By nine o'clock it was generally known that the capitalist had been missing since morning. Was it kidnapping or worse? At ten o'clock a party of three entered the parlor of the largest hotel; it was composed of a gentleman, a lady, and an insignificant, meanly dressed man.

The insignificant man was quite calm, and people remembered long afterward that he never hesitated once in his speech all that night.

"Mrs. Palmer," he said, "be comforted. I told your father in August that your place was here with your husband, and by your brave conduct you have given us the clew by which we may be enabled to rescue him. It is not unguided by Divine Providence that one works among the poor. I have found out where the 'death-trap' is, and, please God, we will bring him back safely. I have sent for you to wait here, because the hotel is strongly guarded. A detail has been despatched to protect your house on the hill. More troops will arrive by midnight, as well as to-morrow."

Meantime terrible news had reached the capitalists—a written, unsigned threat that if the strikers' terms were not accepted in twenty-four hours, "Harold Palmer should be a dead man."

A hasty meeting of the City Council, of the capitalists, of the best citizens at large, was called, but, as often happens in communities used to law and order, utter panic prevailed. In supreme emergencies it is always the greatest soul that rules the rest.

The Rev. Seth knew now why he had been suffered by Heaven to sound human nature to its bottom. The slave-ship, the prison, the pestilence, had left him prepared for this. He went into the Council.

"Give me," he said, "a detachment of police and militia to deal with the dangerous part of the mob. In a comparatively small town like this the mass of strikers are misled rather than vicious. While you are preparing an escort to go with me to the North End, I will address the people on Franklin Square."

The frightened Council were glad to act, and Seth took his way to the park. He mounted the band-stand, the electric lights outlining his well-known figure against the scarlet and blue paint of his singular rostrum.

The excited men, crazed with hunger, uncertainty, and strong drink, would listen to him if to no other. In every mind he was associated with deeds of practical relief. Most of them had heard him preach, too, in the white chapel of the court-yard. They were used to his voice.

"My friends," he cried, and his weak tones gained a superhuman force, "we have been betrayed. In this free American country a threat has been sent to the employers that Harold Palmer will be murdered if the demands of the strikers are not met. Harold Palmer has disappeared. He is held as a prisoner somewhere. I have said to the capitalists, this does not emanate from my people; there is no Mafia in Minesboro. I do not judge in a question of wages, but I proclaim the law of God! I denounce against murder! I demand of you to assist me, to assist the police and militia to find the lost man. There can be but a small number in this assembly capable of hatching up so cowardly a plot as the slaughter of a defenceless man."

He had struck the right note. The more violent leaders had kept their scheme a secret, thinking to bend the crowd when the die was cast.

"He is in a 'death-trap'; that is what they call it; and I believe, from what I learned this afternoon, that the horrible name stands for the cellar under Mason's North End factory."

Hoarse cries of "Yes! yes!" came from the mass.

The factory had been practically wrecked for several days, and in the first part of that wild Christmas eve other buildings in the same quarter shared its fate.

"Who will go with me to the rescue?" cried the orator.

Some of the burly fellows whose children he had fed pressed forward and lifted him on their shoulders.

"The woman you have seen with me serving among your sick is the wife of Harold Palmer. She could not bear to think of suffering in your midst and bide in her luxury on the Hill. So she put off her fine clothes, gave me her full purse to spend in charity, and came to help you. Do you requite her loving-kindness with a husband's corpse?"

"Let us go to Mason's! On, on to Mason's!" shrieked the crowd. The last revelation finished the matter.

The mob flew to the release of its own prisoner.

Pedrito Morales and a few others of like calibre were stealthily guarding a half-subterranean door that led to the vaultlike cellar under Mason's. They resembled ill-omened birds of prey.

The shouts of the advancing mob caused them no trepidation; they did not object to congregated humanity, unless it wore uniforms and carried guns.

The sight of the Rev. Seth borne aloft on the shoulders of their comrades produced no warning impression. It was not until they were seized, and the door they were guarding forced open, that they began to realize.

Pedrito saw the Rev. Seth rush in first, calling: "Harold Palmer! Harold Palmer! Are you here?"

Then he caught the faint answer: "Yes, here, but bound, and like to die."

Once again on that memorable night the celestial joy of Seth's soul broke through the human limitations of his voice, and he shouted, clear and sweet: "Thank God! thank God!"

Pedrito felt now that his day was done. Harold Palmer had discharged him before the strike, for insubordination, and his hatred for the capitalist was founded upon personal rancor as well as class antagonism.

He was held by two men, strikers, not very firmly, but evidently with no intention of release. He had a small bull-dog pistol concealed in his clothes, and secured it with the adroitness of a past grand master in the art of picking pockets. As the crowd emerged from the cellar, he kept his wary eye out for the tall form of Harold Palmer.

He came, supported by the meagre figure of the minister. Above the huzzaing and noise rang the sharp report of a pistol. Pedrito was struck down by a hundred hands. As he lost consciousness, he heard these words:

"Go—go—go on, my friends—there is no harm done. He has only wounded me."

The voice was the voice of the Rev. Seth.

Before morning it was known throughout Minesboro that a compromise would be offered and accepted. The arriving troops would not be needed, and the police would have a hard time to catch the violent leaders. These gentlemen disappeared as nightmares do when a rough friendly hand awakens the sleeper.

Meanwhile, in the parlor of the R—— Hotel, physicians and friends gathered around the Rev. Seth, hero of the hour. He lay stretched upon a sofa, and Harold, looking years older, bent above the motionless form of his preserver. Bella was weeping hysterically. The principal surgeon of the town, sober now, and very pale, said,

"The wound is necessarily fatal, but he may recover consciousness before the end."

Just as the dawn came in he opened his eyes: "Will there be reconciliation, do you think?"

They told him the strike was practically over. Capital and labor were alike waiting for tidings from him.

"Is Mr. Palmer safe?"

Harold answered, brokenly, "I am alive, dear friend, and unhurt, but at what a cost!"

The dying man smiled brightly. "It is a beautiful death! The Bishop will be glad to know that I have escaped the doom I feared." Then, as his eyes rested upon Mr. Ellis, he said: "It is a glorious Christmas to me. I go to 'the House of my Father.'"

When a saddened populace flowed back to the North End, desolation prevailed. Not a pane of glass in tenement-house or factory was found unshattered; yet, as an omen of better things, the tiny white chapel stood sacred and untouched, every stained-glass window sending forth a rainbow-tinted message of hope and pardon to the suffering world.

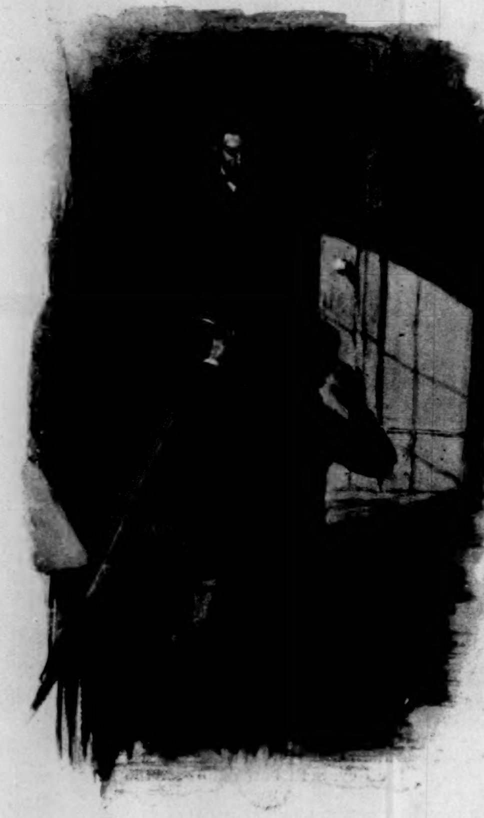
THURLOW'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.—ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

I.

(Being the Statement of Henry Thurlow, Author, to George Currier, Editor of the "Idler," a Weekly Journal of Human Interest.)

I HAVE always maintained, my dear Currier, that if a man wishes to be considered sane, and has any particular regard for his reputation as a truth-teller, he would better keep silent as to the singular experiences that enter into his life. I have had many such experiences myself; but I have rarely confided them in detail, or otherwise, to those about me, because I know that even the most trustful of my friends would regard them merely as the outcome of an imagination unrestrained by conscience, or of a gradually weakening mind subject to hallucinations. I know them to be true, but until Mr. Edison or some other modern wizard has invented a search-light strong enough to lay bare the secrets of the mind and conscience of man, I cannot prove to others that they are not pure fabrications, or at least the conjurings of a diseased fancy. For instance, no man would believe me if I were to state to him the plain and indisputable fact that one night last month, on my way up to bed shortly after midnight, having been neither smoking nor drinking, I saw confronting me upon the stairs, with the moonlight streaming through the windows back of me, lighting up its face, a figure in which I recognized my very self in every form and feature. I might describe the chill of terror that struck to the very marrow of my bones, and wellnigh forced me to stagger backward down the stairs, as I noticed in the face of this confronting figure every indication of all the bad qualities which I know myself to possess, of every evil instinct which by no easy effort I have repressed heretofore, and realized that that *thing* was, as far as I knew, entirely independent of my true self, in which I hope at least the moral has made an honest fight against the immoral always. I might describe this chill, I say, as vividly as I felt it at that moment, but it would be of no use to do so, because, however realistic it might prove as a bit of description, no man would believe that the incident really happened; and yet it did happen as truly as I write, and it has happened a dozen times since, and I am certain that it will happen many times again, though I would give all that I possess to be assured that never again should that disquieting creation of mind or matter, whichever it may be, cross my path. The experience has made me afraid almost to be alone, and I have found myself unconsciously and uneasily glancing at my face in mirrors, in the plate-glass of show-windows on the shopping streets of the city, fearful lest I should find some of those evil traits which I have struggled to keep under, and have kept under so far, cropping out there where all the world, all *my* world, can see and wonder at, having known me always as a man of right doing and right feeling. Many a time in the night the thought has come to me with prostrating force, what if that thing were to be seen and recognized by others, myself and yet not my whole self, my unworthy self unrestrained and yet recognizable as Henry Thurlow.



"FACE TO FACE."

I have also kept silent as to that strange condition of affairs which has tortured me in my sleep for the past year and a half; no one but myself has until this writing known that for that period of time I have had a continuous, logical dream-life; a life so vivid and so dreadfully real to me that I have found myself at times wondering which of the two lives I was living and which I was dreaming; a life in which that other wicked self has dominated and forced me to a career of shame and horror; a life which, being taken up every time I sleep where it ceased with the awakening from a previous sleep, has made me fear to close my eyes in forgetfulness when others are near at hand, lest, sleeping, I shall let fall some speech that, striking on their ears, shall lead them to believe that in secret there is some wicked mystery connected with my life. It would be of no use for me to tell these things. It would merely serve to make my family and my friends uneasy about me if they were told in their awful detail, and so I have kept silent about them. To you alone, and now for the first time, have I hinted as to the troubles which have oppressed me for many days, and to you they are confided only because of the demand you have made that I explain to you the extraordinary complication in which the Christmas story sent you last week has involved me. You know that I am a man of dignity; that I am not a school-boy and a lover of childish tricks; and knowing that, your friendship, at least, should have restrained your tongue and pen when, through the former, on Wednesday, you accused me of perpetrating a trifling, and to you excessively embarrassing, practical joke—a charge which, at the moment, I was too overcome to refute; and through the latter, on Thursday, you reiterated the accusation, coupled with a demand for an explanation of my conduct satisfactory to yourself, or my immediate resignation from the staff of the *Idler*. To explain is difficult, for I am certain that you will find the explanation too improbable for credence, but explain I must. The alternative, that of resigning from your staff, affects not only my own welfare, but that of my children, who must be provided for; and if my post with you is taken from me, then are all resources gone. I have not the courage to face dismissal, for I have not sufficient confidence in my powers to please elsewhere to make me easy in my mind, or, if I could please elsewhere, the certainty of finding the immediate employment of my talents which is necessary to me, in view of the at present overcrowded condition of the literary field.

To explain, then, my seeming jest at your expense, hopeless at it appears to be, is my task; and to do so as completely as I can, let me go back to the very beginning.

In August you informed me that you would expect me to provide, as I have heretofore been in the habit of doing, a story for the Christmas issue of the *Idler;* that a certain position in the make-up was reserved for me, and that you had already taken steps to advertise the fact that the story would appear. I undertook the commission, and upon seven different occasions set about putting the narrative into shape. I found great difficulty, however, in doing so. For some reason or other I could not concentrate my mind upon the work. No sooner would I start in on one story than a better one, in my estimation, would suggest itself to me; and all the labor expended on the story already begun would be cast aside and the new story set in motion. Ideas were plenty enough, but to put them properly upon paper seemed beyond my powers. One story, however, I did finish; but after it had come back to me from my typewriter I read it, and was filled with consternation to discover that it was nothing more nor less than a mass of jumbled sentences, conveying no idea to the mind—a story which had seemed to me in the writing to be coherent had returned to me as a mere bit of incoherence—formless, without ideas—a bit of raving. It was then that I went to you and told you, as you remember, that I was worn out, and needed a month of absolute rest, which you granted. I left my work wholly, and went into the wilderness, where I could be entirely free from everything suggesting labor, and where no summons back to town could reach me. I fished and hunted. I slept; and although, as I have already said, in my sleep I found myself leading a life that was not only not to my taste, but horrible to me in many particulars, I was able at the end of my vacation to come back to town greatly refreshed, and, as far as my feelings went, ready to undertake any amount of work. For two or three days after my return I was busy with other things. On the fourth day after my arrival you came to me, and said that the story must be finished at the very latest by October 15, and I assured you that you should have it by that time. That night I set about it. I mapped it out, incident by incident, and before starting up to bed had actually written some twelve or fifteen hundred words of the opening chapter—it was to be told in four chapters. When I had gone thus far I experienced a slight return of one of my nervous chills, and, on consulting my watch, discovered that it was after midnight, which was a sufficient explanation of my nervousness: I was merely tired. I arranged my manuscripts on my table so that I might easily take up the work the following morning. I locked up the windows and doors, turned out the lights, and proceeded up stairs to my room.

It was then that I first came face to face with myself—that other self, in which I recognized, developed to the full, every bit of my capacity for an evil life.

Conceive of the situation if you can. Imagine the horror of it, and then ask yourself if it was likely that when next morning came I could by any possibility bring myself to my work-table in fit condition to prepare for you anything at all worthy of publication in the *Idler*. I tried. I implore you to believe that I did not hold lightly the responsibilities of the commission you had intrusted to my hands. You must know that if any of your writers has a full appreciation of the difficulties which are strewn along the path of an editor, I, who have myself had an editorial experience, have it, and so would not, in the nature of things, do anything to add to your troubles. You cannot but believe that I have made an honest effort to fulfil my promise to you. But it was useless, and for a week after that visitation was it useless for me to attempt the work. At the end of the week I felt better, and again I started in, and the story developed satisfactorily until—*it* came again. That figure which was my own figure, that face which was the evil counterpart of my own countenance, again rose up before me, and once more was I plunged into hopelessness.

Thus matters went on until the 14th day of October, when I received your peremptory message that the story must be forthcoming the following day. Needless to tell you that it was not forthcoming; but what I must tell you, since you do not know it, on the evening of the 15th day of October a strange thing happened to me, and in the narration of that incident, which I almost despair of your believing, lies my explanation of the discovery of October 16, which has placed my position with you in peril.

At half past seven o'clock on the evening of October 15 I was sitting in my library trying to write. I was alone. My wife and children had gone away on a visit to Massachusetts for a week. I had just finished my cigar, and had taken my pen in hand, when my front-door bell rang. Our maid, who is usually prompt in answering summonses of this nature, apparently did not hear the bell, for she did not respond to its clanging. Again the bell rang, and still did it remain unanswered, until finally, at the third ringing, I went to the door myself. On opening it I saw standing before me a man of, I should say, fifty odd years of age, tall, slender, pale-faced, and clad in sombre black. He was entirely unknown to me. I had never seen him before, but he had about him such an air of pleasantness and wholesomeness that I instinctively felt glad to see him, without knowing why or whence he had come.

"Does Mr. Thurlow live here?" he asked.

You must excuse me for going into what may seem to you to be petty details, but by a perfectly circumstantial account of all that happened that evening alone can I hope to give a semblance of truth to my story, and that it must be truthful I realize as painfully as you do.

"I am Mr. Thurlow," I replied.

"Henry Thurlow, the author?" he said, with a surprised look upon his face.

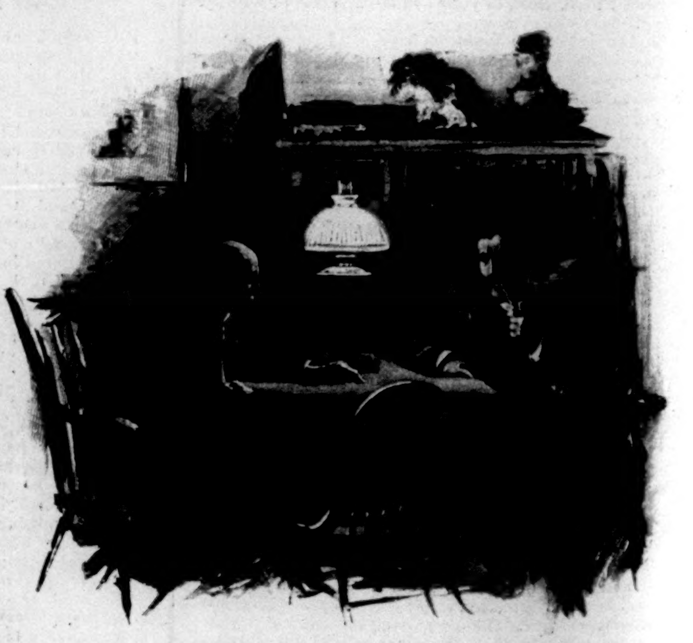
"Yes," said I; and then, impelled by the strange appearance of surprise on the man's countenance, I added, "don't I look like an author?"

He laughed, and candidly admitted that I was not the kind of looking man he had expected to find from reading my books, and then he entered the house in response to my invitation that he do so. I ushered him into my library, and, after asking him to be seated, inquired as to his business with me.

His answer was gratifying at least. He replied that he had been a reader of my writings for a number of years, and that for some time past he had had a great desire, not to say curiosity, to meet me and tell me how much he had enjoyed certain of my stories.

"I'm a great devourer of books, Mr. Thurlow," he said, "and I have taken the keenest delight in reading your verses and humorous sketches. I may go further, and say to you that you have helped me over many a hard place in my life by your work. At times when I have felt myself worn out with my business, or face to face with some knotty problem in my career, I have found much relief in picking up and reading your books at random. They have helped me to forget my weariness or my knotty problems for the time being; and to-day, finding myself in this town, I resolved to call upon you this evening and thank you for all that you have done for me."

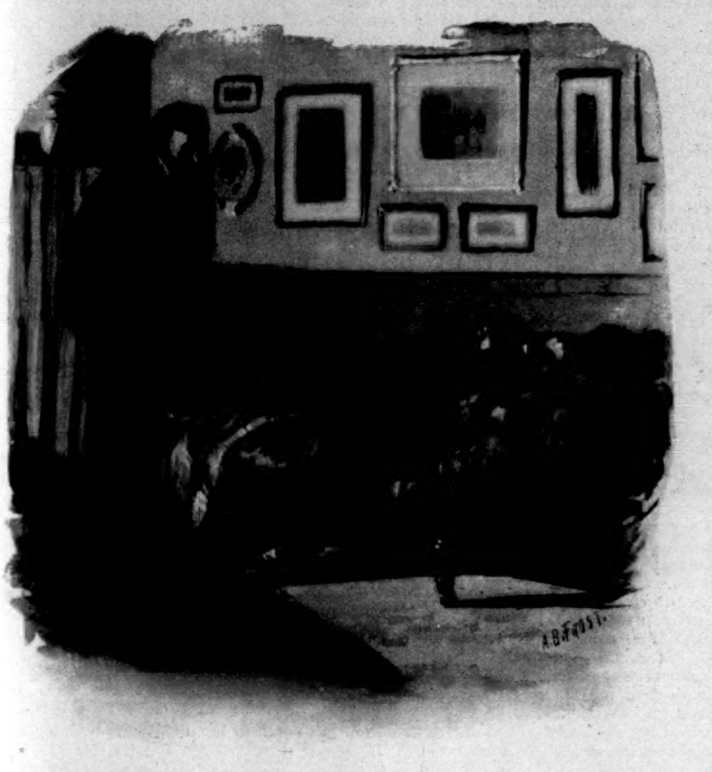
Thereupon we became involved in a general discussion of literary men and their works, and I found that my visitor certainly did have a pretty thorough knowledge of what has been produced by the writers of to-day. I was quite won over to him by his simplicity as well as attracted to him by his kindly opinion of my own efforts, and I did my best to entertain him, showing him a few of my little literary treasures in the way of autograph letters, photographs, and presentation copies of well-known books from the authors themselves. From this we drifted naturally and easily into a talk on the methods of work adopted by literary men. He asked me many questions as to my own methods; and when I had in a measure outlined to him the manner of life which I had adopted, telling him of my days at home, how little detail office-work I had, he seemed much interested with the picture—indeed, I painted the picture of my daily routine in almost too perfect colors, for, when I had finished, he observed quietly that I appeared to him to lead the ideal life, and added that he supposed I knew very little unhappiness.



"HE RATTLED ON WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR HALF AN HOUR."

The remark recalled to me the dreadful reality, that through some perversity of fate I was doomed to visitations of an uncanny order which were practically destroying my usefulness in my profession and my sole financial resource.

"Well," I replied, as my mind reverted to the unpleasant predicament in which I found myself, "I can't say that I know little unhappiness. As a matter of fact, I know a great deal of that undesirable thing. At the present moment I am very much embarrassed through my absolute inability to fulfil a contract into which I have entered, and which should have been filled this morning. I was due to-day with a Christmas story The presses are waiting for it, and I am utterly unable to write it."



"DOESN'T DARE LOOK ME IN THE EYE!"

He appeared deeply concerned at the confession. I had hoped, indeed, that he might be sufficiently concerned to take his departure, that I might make one more effort to write the promised story. His solicitude, however, showed itself in another way. Instead of leaving me, he ventured the hope that he might aid me.

"What kind of a story is it to be?" he asked.

"Oh, the usual ghostly tale," I said, "with a dash of the Christmas flavor thrown in here and there to make it suitable to the season."

"Ah," he observed. "And you find your vein worked out?"

It was a direct and perhaps an impertinent question; but I thought it best to answer it, and to answer it as well without giving him any clew as to the real facts. I could not very well take an entire stranger into my confidence, and describe to him the extraordinary encounters I was having with an uncanny other self. He would not have believed the truth, hence I told him an untruth, and assented to his proposition.

"Yes," I replied, "the vein is worked out. I have written ghost stories for years now, serious and comic, and I am to-day at the end of my tether—compelled to move forward and yet held back."

"That accounts for it," he said, simply. "When I first saw you to-night at the door I could not believe that the author who had provided me with so much merriment could be so pale and worn and seemingly mirthless. Pardon me, Mr. Thurlow, for my lack of consideration when I told you that you did not appear as I had expected to find you."

I smiled my forgiveness; and he continued:

"It may be," he said, with a show of hesitation—"it may be that I have come not altogether inopportunely. Perhaps I can help you."

I smiled again. "I should be most grateful if you could," I said.

"But you doubt my ability to do so?" he put in. "Oh—well—yes—of course you do; and why shouldn't you? Nevertheless, I have noticed this: At times when I have been baffled in my work a mere hint from another, from one who knew nothing of my work, has carried me on to a solution of my problem. I have read most of your writings, and I have thought over some of them many a time, and I have even had ideas for stories, which, in my own conceit, I have imagined were good enough for you, and I have wished that I possessed your facility with the pen that I might make of them myself what I thought you would make of them had they been ideas of your own."

The old gentleman's pallid face reddened as he said this, and while I was hopeless as to anything of value resulting from his ideas, I could not resist the temptation to hear what he had to say further, his manner was so deliciously simple, and his desire to aid me so manifest. He rattled on with suggestions for a half-hour. Some of them were good, but none were new. Some were irresistibly funny, and did me good because they made me laugh, and I hadn't laughed naturally for a period so long that it made me shudder to think of it, fearing lest I should forget how to be mirthful. Finally I grew tired of his persistence, and, with a very ill-concealed impatience, told him plainly that I could do nothing with his suggestions, thanking him, however, for the spirit of kindliness which had prompted him to offer them. He appeared somewhat hurt, but immediately desisted, and when nine o'clock came he rose up to go. As he walked to the door he seemed to be undergoing some mental struggle, to which, with a sudden resolve, he finally succumbed, for, after having picked up his hat and stick and donned his overcoat, he turned to me and said:

"Mr. Thurlow, I don't want to offend you. On the contrary, it is my dearest wish to assist you. You have helped me, as I have told you. Why may I not help you?"

"I assure you, sir—" I began, when he interrupted me.

"One moment, please," he said, putting his hand into the inside pocket of his black coat and extracting from it an envelope addressed to me. "Let me finish: it is the whim of one who has an affection for you. For ten years I have secretly been at work myself on a story. It is a short one, but it has seemed good to me. I had a double object in seeking you out to-night. I wanted not only to see you, but to read my story to you. No one knows that I have written it; I had intended it as a surprise to my—to my friends. I had hoped to have it published somewhere, and I had come here to seek your advice in the matter. It is a story which I have written and rewritten and rewritten time and time again in my leisure moments during the ten years past, as I have told you. It is not likely that I shall ever write another. I am proud of having done it, but I should be prouder yet if it—if it could in some way help you. I leave it with you, sir, to print or to destroy; and if you print it, to see it in type will be enough for me; to see your name signed to it will be a matter of pride to me. No one will ever be the wiser, for, as I say, no one knows I have written it, and I promise you that no one shall know of it if you decide to do as I not only suggest but ask you to do. No one would believe me after it has appeared as *yours*, even if I should forget my promise and claim it as my own. Take it. It is yours. You are entitled to it as a slight measure of repayment for the debt of gratitude I owe you."

He pressed the manuscript into my hands, and before I could reply had opened the door and disappeared into the darkness of the street. I rushed to the sidewalk and shouted out to him to return, but I might as well have saved my breath and spared the neighborhood, for there was no answer. Holding his story in my hand I re-entered the house and walked back into my library, where, sitting and reflecting upon the curious interview, I realized for the first time that I was in entire ignorance as to my visitor's name and address.

I opened the envelope hoping to find them, but they were not there. The envelope contained merely a finely written manuscript of thirty odd pages, unsigned.

And then I read the story. When I began it was with a half-smile upon my lips, and with a feeling that I was wasting my time. The smile soon faded, however; after reading the first paragraph there was no question of wasted time. The story was a masterpiece. It is needless to say to you that I am not a man of enthusiasms. It is difficult to arouse that emotion in my breast, but upon this occasion I yielded to a force too great for me to resist. I have read the tales of Hoffmann and of Poe, the wondrous romances of De La Motte Fouque, the unfortunately little-known tales of the lamented Fitz-James O'Brien, the weird tales of writers of all tongues have been thoroughly sifted by me in the course of my reading, and I say to you now that in the whole of my life I never read one story, one paragraph, one line, that could approach in vivid delineation, in weirdness of conception, in anything, in any quality which goes to make up the truly great story, that story which came into my hands as I have told you. I read it once and was amazed. I read it a second time and was—tempted. It was mine. The writer himself had authorized me to treat it as if it were my own; had voluntarily sacrificed his own claim to its authorship that he might relieve me of my very pressing embarrassment. Not only this; he had almost intimated that in putting my name to his work I should be doing him a favor. Why not do so, then, I asked myself; and immediately my better self rejected the idea as impossible. How could I put out as my own another man's work and retain my self-respect? I resolved on another and better course—to send you the story in lieu of my own, with a full statement of the circumstances under which it had come into my possession, when that demon rose up out of the floor at my side, this time more evil of aspect than before, more commanding in its manner. With a groan I shrank back into the cushions of my chair, and by passing my hands over my eyes tried to obliterate forever the offending sight; but it was useless. The uncanny thing approached me, and as truly as I write sat upon the edge of my couch, where for the first time it addressed me.

"Fool!" it said, "how can you hesitate? Here is your position: you have made a contract which must be filled; you are already behind and in a hopeless mental state. Even granting that between this and to-morrow morning you could put together the necessary number of words to fill the space allotted to you, what kind of a thing do you think that story would make? It would be a mere raving like that other precious effort of August. The public, if by some odd chance it ever reached them, would think your mind was utterly gone; your reputation would go with that verdict. On the other hand, if you do not have the story ready by to-morrow, your hold on the *Idler* will be destroyed. They have their announcements printed, and your name and portrait appear among those of the prominent contributors. Do you suppose the editor and publisher will look leniently upon your failure?"

"Considering my past record, yes," I replied. "I have never yet broken a promise to them."

"Which is precisely the reason why they will be severe with you. You, who have been regarded as one of the few men who can do almost any kind of literary work at will—you, of whom it is said that your 'brains are on tap'—will they be lenient with *you?* Bah! Can't you see that the very fact of your invariable readiness heretofore is going to make your present unreadiness a thing incomprehensible?"

"Then what shall I do?" I asked. "If I can't, I can't, that is all."

"You can. There is the story in your hands. Think what it will do for you. It is one of the immortal stories—"

"You have read it, then?" I asked.

"Haven't you?"

"Yes—but—"

"It is the same," it said, with a leer and a contemptuous shrug. "You and I are inseparable. Aren't you glad?" it added, with a laugh that grated in every fibre of my being. I was too overwhelmed to reply, and it resumed: "It is one of the immortal stories. We agree to that. Published over your name, your name will live. The stuff you write yourself will give you present glory; but when you have been dead ten years people won't remember your name even—unless I get control of you, and in that case there is a very pretty though hardly a literary record in store for you."

Again it laughed harshly, and I buried my face in the pillows of my couch, hoping to find relief there from this dreadful vision.

"Curious," it said. "What you call your decent self doesn't dare look me in the eye! What a mistake people make who say that the man who won't look you in the eye is not to be trusted! As if mere brazenness were a sign of honesty: really, the theory of decency is the most amusing thing in the world. But come, time is growing short. Take that story. The writer gave it to you. Begged you to use it as your own. It is yours. It will make your reputation, and save you with your publishers. How can you hesitate?"

"I shall not use it!" I cried, desperately.

"You must—consider your children. Suppose you lose your connection with these publishers of yours?"

"But it would be a crime."

"Not a bit of it. Whom do you rob? A man who voluntarily came to you, and gave you that of which you rob him. Think of it as it is—and act, only act quickly. It is now midnight."

The tempter rose up and walked to the other end of the room, whence, while he pretended to be looking over a few of my books and pictures, I was aware he was eying me closely, and gradually compelling me by sheer force of will to do a thing which I abhorred. And I—I struggled weakly against the temptation, but gradually, little by little, I yielded, and finally succumbed altogether. Springing to my feet, I rushed to the table, seized my pen, and signed my name to the story.

"There!" I said. "It is done. I have saved my position, and made my reputation, and am now a thief!"

"As well as a fool," said the other, calmly. "You don't mean to say you are going to send that manuscript in as it is?"

"Good Lord!" I cried. "What under heaven have you been trying to make me do for the last half-hour?"

"Act like a sane being," said the demon. "If you send that manuscript to Currier he'll know in a minute it isn't yours. He knows you haven't an amanuensis, and that handwriting isn't yours. Copy it."

"True!" I answered. "I haven't much of a mind for details to-night. I will do as you say."

I did so. I got out my pad and pen and ink, and for three hours diligently applied myself to the task of copying the story. When it was finished I went over it carefully, made a few minor corrections, signed it, put it in an envelope, addressed it to you, stamped it, and went out to the mail-box on the corner, where I dropped it into the slot, and returned

"THE DEMON VANISHED."

home. When I had returned to my library my visitor was still there.

"Well," it said, "I wish you'd hurry and complete this affair. I am tired, and wish to go."

"You can't go too soon to please me," said I, gathering up the original manuscripts of the story and preparing to put them away in my desk.

"Probably not," it sneered. "I'll be glad to go too, but I can't go until that manuscript is destroyed. As long as it exists there is evidence of your having appropriated the work of another. Why can't you see that? Burn it!"

"I can't see my way clear in crime!" I retorted. "It is not in my line."

Nevertheless, realizing the value of his advice, I thrust the pages one by one into the blazing log fire, and watched them as they flared and flamed and grew to ashes. As the last page disappeared in the embers the demon vanished. I was alone, and throwing myself down for a moment's reflection upon my couch, was soon lost in sleep.

It was noon when I again opened my eyes, and ten minutes after I awakened your telegraphic summons reached me.

"Come down at once," was what you said, and I went; and then came the terrible *dénouement*, and yet a *dénouement* which was pleasing to me since it relieved my conscience. You handed me the envelope containing the story.

"Did you send that?" was your question.

"I did — last night, or rather early this morning. I mailed it about three o'clock," I replied.

"I demand an explanation of your conduct," said you.

"Of what?" I asked.

"Look at your so-called story and see. If this is a practical joke, Thurlow, it's a damned poor one."

I opened the envelope and took from it the sheets I had sent you—twenty-four of them.

They were every one of them as blank as when they left the paper-mill!

You know the rest. You know that I tried to speak; that my utterance failed me; and that, finding myself unable at the time to control my emotions, I turned and rushed madly from the office, leaving the mystery unexplained. You know that you wrote demanding a satisfactory explanation of the situation or my resignation from your staff.

This, Currier, is my explanation. It is all I have. It is absolute truth. I beg you to believe it, for if you do not, then is my condition a hopeless one. You will ask me perhaps for a *résumé* of the story which I thought I had sent you.

It is my crowning misfortune that upon that point my mind is an absolute blank. I cannot remember it in form or in substance. I have racked my brains for some recollection of some small portion of it to help to make my explanation more credible, but, alas! it will not come back to me. If I were dishonest I might fake up a story to suit the purpose, but I am not dishonest. I came near to doing an unworthy act; I did do an unworthy thing, but by some mysterious provision of fate my conscience is cleared of that.

Be sympathetic, Currier, or, if you cannot, be lenient with me this time. *Believe, believe, believe,* I implore you. Pray let me hear from you at once.

(Signed) HENRY THURLOW.

"LOOK AT YOUR SO-CALLED STORY AND SEE."

II.

(*Being a Note from George Currier, Editor of the "Idler," to Henry Thurlow, Author.*)

Your explanation has come to hand. As an explanation it isn't worth the paper it is written on, but we are all agreed here that it is probably the best bit of fiction you ever wrote. It is accepted for the Christmas issue. Enclosed please find check for one hundred dollars.

Dawson suggests that you take another month up in the Adirondacks. You might put in your time writing up some account of that dream-life you are leading while you are there. It seems to me there are possibilities in the idea. The concern will pay all expenses. What do you say? (Signed) Yours ever, G. C.

THE THREE CHRISTMASES.

BY MARY MURDOCH MASON.—ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. HYDE.

I.—CHRISTMAS IN PARIS.

IT was in Paris; it was Christmas. High mass at St.-Roche, which means music to draw your soul out of you, and pomp to blind your eyes. Daphné and her mother were sitting in the royal box up amid all the glory of it. Every time Daphné knelt down she looked across the heads of the young acolytes below her in the stalls, over the orchestra from the opera-house, beyond the bowed head of the greatest living tenor—from the opera-house too—at the mysterious lordly pipes of the sweet-sounding organ. If she glanced to her right, down the nave, she saw the lofty church filled to overflowing with humanity; if she turned to the left, the sea of upturned faces and kneeling forms was made of the faces and forms of the clergy and their assistants. The royal box—which was once in reality a box for royalty—is a wonderful vantage-ground from which to watch the superb Christmas festival. It was thanks to the dear old Abbé M——, the wisest and simplest of men, that Daphné and her mother were so well placed.

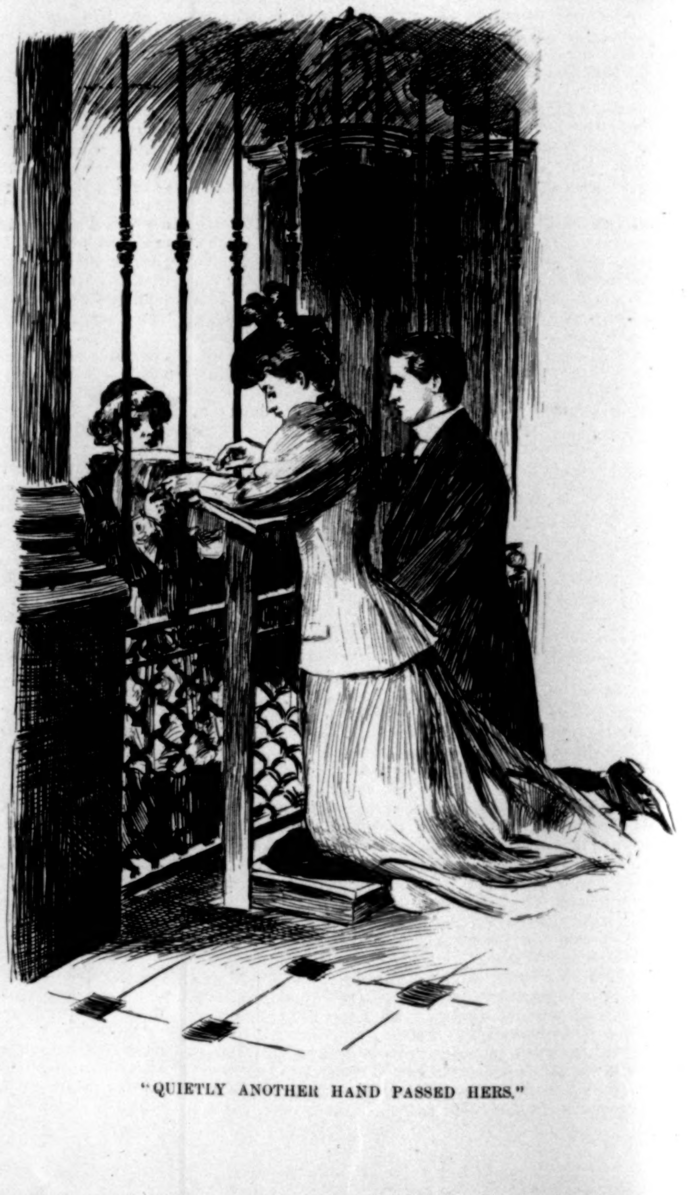
The Abbé M—— owns the best bit of Palissy-ware out of the Hôtel de Cluny, and he plays for hours with a parrot or a kitten; his head contains all the Latin of all the schools; his heart is full of love to God and man. He turns from his contemplation of St. Augustin or his *objets d'art* to smile at the roughest gamin of the street. In short, he is a type dying out, the writers tell us, but, happily, still extant in childlike Latin races.

The priests all live, twelve of them, each in his own apartment, at the parish-house of St.-Roche. To see the dear old abbé walk from the parish-house, where he lodges, to Madame C——'s, where he dines, is a delicate pleasure. He has always a book in his hand as he passes the opera-house; he is quite unconscious of the crowd about him, the weather, the place; he might be walking along the Via Appia. If it is very, very muddy he lifts his *soutane* from force of habit, and always at intervals as he walks he strokes his chest, a habit he has, quite useless to speak of, but that expresses much, and that you think of when you think of him. He is no dude, like his brother priest, the short, fat, witty worldling Abbé D——. Abbé D—— is very fine; he wears a black silk muffler when it is cold and black gloves, and a fresh black *calotte* always. The Abbé M—— never. His clothes are rusty, his hands bare; but his smile and his words are fresh and invigorating.

He had come the day before Christmas, all beaming with pleasure, to offer the royal box to Daphné's mother—the distinguished American, as he called her. And on Christmas morning the two were ensconced by his own kind hand in the big gilded cage for high mass. The door was locked upon them, the crowd in the left aisle and the left transept pressed closer, but Daphné saw nothing of all that. She did not notice either that the door was unlocked again a few moments later, and that a man entered. He was a young man, a handsome man, with the air of the youthful Saul, or of Lucifer, son of the Morning, before he became Apollyon. Perhaps Daphné felt his presence, for just then the scene took on a new glory to her. Up the centre aisle came the scarlet and white-robed boys bearing on their shoulders the tray of bread to be blessed. Behind them the distinguished men of the parish in full-dress, which the French wear for all functions of day as well as of night. As part of the great pageant these civilians did not count, but as each one bent the knee and kissed the crucifix held out to him by a priest, gorgeous in gold-broidered vestments, the girl felt a thrill. Captive to the Church all this symbol of wealth and worldliness! Subordinate to her holy power all this force of manner and money and mind! The music was filling every cranny of the old church, floating through the incense down to the portal toward the medallion portrait of Corneille, whose bones rest quietly in this sacred spot. Little Daphné remembered how the great man had loved solemn and sonorous sounds; she wondered if he were listening now.

When she looked again, choir boys in their scarlet cassocks and white lace-trimmed surplices were passing the *pain bénit*. It was to the royal box that they first proceeded. Daphné was the nearest, and through the gilded slats before her two little boyish hands held the blessed bread toward the girl. Now Daphné was young, a foreigner, Protestant. She hesitated; if this were in the nature of a sacrament, and if she dared to partake of it not being of the elect! Quietly another hand passed hers, took the bread, divided it with her, knelt, and Daphné fell on her little Protestant knees by the side of a stranger—a stranger who had broken and given her to eat of this blessed Christmas food. Her heart beat high as the music surged in her ears. She prayed her little Protestant prayer, voluntarily, spontaneously, for herself and for the stranger at her side, whose face she had never seen. Then she rose from her knees; she met his gaze. She knew suddenly but quite surely that this was to be the one man in the wide world to her. His red-brown eyes were the color of wine, his smile was like sunshine and shade. As Daphné looked at him she seemed to see, not so much the man as the setting around him. Often afterward, when he came upon her suddenly, she had a swift vision of that *mise en scène*.

She saw again the great church of St.-Roche, rich with incense and music and vestments. In the distance moved the Abbé M——, or was it his angel?—so remote he seemed from the home abbé who played with the parrot—as he went about his priestly office. Away across the church she saw the faded picture over the altar in the chapel opposite, the bright pipes of the organ, the brasses and strings of the orchestra, the head of the tenor — quite distinctly she saw that. Nearer, the acolytes in their stalls, but more dimly, and in the close foreground, gilded bars that shimmered in her vision, and a child's hand lifting the *pain bénit* toward her—a blur of scarlet and white this child, for in the vision the nearer objects were least distinct, and



"QUIETLY ANOTHER HAND PASSED HERS."

nearer still a hand—a man's hand—that took and gave her to eat of the blessed Christmas food.

II.—CHRISTMAS EVE IN NEW YORK.

The day before Christmas the year after was Daphné's wedding-day. She was married in a Protestant church in New York—the Church of the Ascension, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street. They had each said the great words, "I, Merlin, take thee, Daphné," and "I, Daphné, take thee, Merlin." Lafarge's Christ had looked down on them in blessing; St. Gaudens's angels had held the chalice before their eyes; the organist had played the *Lohengrin* march and the Mendelssohn march, and choir boys had sung,

"The voice that breathed o'er Eden";

and they were man and wife.

Then had come the breakfast, congratulations, wedding-favors. Even the white poodle Gyp wore a big bunch of bridal blossoms at her throat in honor of the day. Then Daphné had cut the cake; the ring fell to Clarice Leighton. Then Daphné had thrown the bride's bouquet; Clarice had caught that, too, as it fell—pretty blushing Clarice, with big blonde Percival standing proudly near her. Then—then the parting upstairs with her mother, a strange wonder in Daphné's happy heart that that other heart so near hers should beat as if to breaking, while hers fluttered to such holiday measure. Then the satin slipper, so neatly guided by Percival's hand, that tapped the back of the carriage as they drove away, she and Merlin. And then—oh, then the peace and quiet and happy comfort of her own little brougham, one of Merlin's wedding-gifts! And oh, the happy comfort of the big husband, Merlin himself!

They drove up the Avenue. Everywhere people, sunshine, gayety. For it was Christmas-time, remember. But Daphné saw nobody but Merlin, and nothing but this pretty interior four-by-four feet of paradise. "It's just a wee bit of home, Daphné, your travelling boudoir," said her lover—no, her husband now. "Do you like it?"

Yes, Daphné liked it. It is such a cozy corner for a *tête-à-tête*, one's own brougham, the most poetic bit of luxury possible. It is like a lyric interlude in the epic of life. The passing show goes on, the world comes and goes, and yet here, side by side, like a dainty couplet, are the two rhyming hearts.

Daphné began to look about, to get acquainted with this anteroom to her home. The little carriage clock was set in deer's skin, and the deer had been killed by Merlin himself. The card-case and tiny hand-mirror were finished in the same fashion. There were all sorts of devices planned for her pleasure—a bouquet-holder to keep her flowers fresh; a big bunch of violets filled it, with a card attached, and on the card was written, "To my dear, dear wife." "And see here, Daphné," said Merlin; and he showed her a little case for books—room for three of them there was—under the clock. "And I have chosen the three, and you must promise to read them every day when you drive; it will be good for your mind, my dear."

And the books were a tiny edition of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, a copy of Alfred de Musset, and *Cosmopolis*, of course, of which all the world was then talking. "And here is a picture of the Abbé M—— to remind you of last Christmas and of St.-Roche, and of the *pain bénit* and of me."

"As if I needed reminding!" said Daphné. "But thank you all the same, and *bonjour* dear old Monsieur l'Abbé. Ah, how I shall enjoy this!" added the bride, leaning back on the cushion. "It is like a bird's nest for comfort and its sense of home. Just big enough for—"

"For two—if we are the two, Daphné. When we drive home together at night, after dinner or the opera—we'll have a long drive, you know, away down to Washington Square—you shall tell me everything you have said and thought, and I shall feel your birdlike heart beating under your fine feathers close to mine, just as I do now."

And so they drove on in that blessed *solitude à deux*, forgetting that there was any world outside in their little four feet by four of paradise.

III.—CHRISTMAS IN ST. AUGUSTINE.

The next year they were in Florida, in the dear St. Augustine, sailing on the river; there was a fine breeze. They sailed swiftly past the white sand cliffs of the north shore, the white breakers of the harbor bar, and the light-house on their left. On their right they left behind the fort, the sea-wall, the towers and turrets of those veritable castles in Spain, and the barracks. Then, as they sailed through the open country, they talked or were silent as the mood took them.

"This is where the birds fly home every night. This flat island," said Merlin, for he knew and loved his Florida. "They cast a shadow over the town like a gray-white cloud, and they always fly over just as the old cathedral bells ring for vespers. So the faithful declare."

"Birds always do the right thing, don't they?" said Daphné, comfortably. "They started the idea of watering-places, I suppose, and set the fashion of going South in the winter and North in the summer. I am not surprised to hear that they like to come home at night. All bipeds do. You do yourself, Merlin."

Merlin looked down at her and smiled. "I never get over the charm of it," he said, "or the surprise. You always seem a little like a miracle. Each night when I put the latch-key in the door, I half fear that you have flown away."

"Silly boy!"

"Sailing is next best to flying," said Merlin to Daphné, after five minutes of silence. "This is a rattling good breeze." They were sailing against the wind, and the two belonged to that class of people whom Swinburne distinguishes from

"Green earth and her sons and her daughters"

as those who are

"Elect of the sea."

"After all, flying will be the next pleasure, don't you think?" asked Daphné.

"Yes, flying's in the air, so to speak," laughed Merlin. "But it won't come in our day."

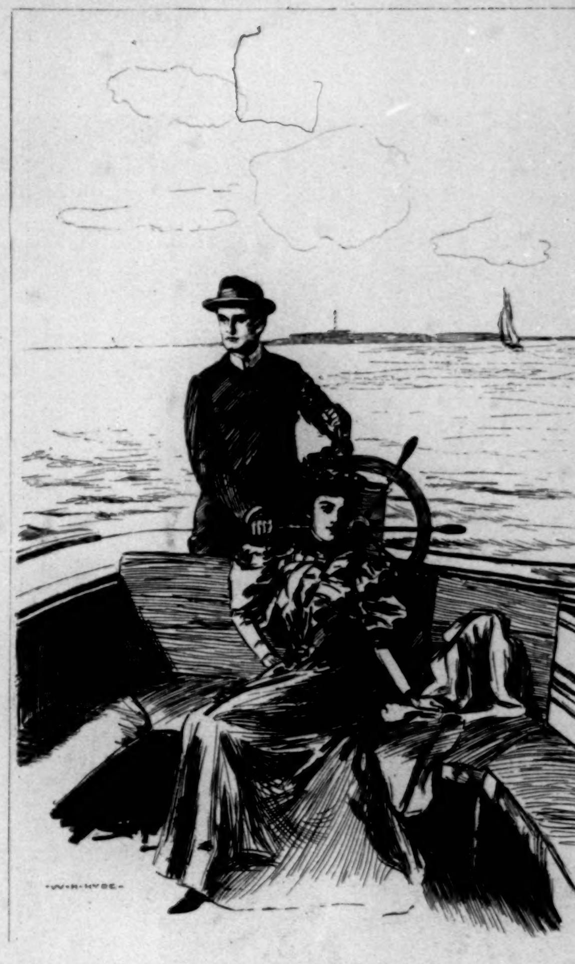
"Do you suppose the baby will ever fly?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I suppose he must walk first. That seems an impossible miracle, doesn't it, Daphné? I never knew before what wee fragile things babies were."

"But my baby isn't fragile," Daphné asserted. "He's big. Why, he's very fat. I find him quite heavy, though he is only two months old."

"Oh, of course he's a buster, prize baby, and all that sort of thing, but I must confess, just to you, Daphné, that when I saw him first, I thought he looked a good deal like a Japanese curio, or a practical joke."

"A practical— Oh, Merlin, you don't think so now, do you? Why, he's perfectly beautiful. He's the image of you."



"SAILING IS NEXT BEST TO FLYING."

"You darling wife!" said her husband. "If Champagne Charley, as this old skipper is called, would only look the other way, I'd kiss you this minute. I love you."

"Yes, yes, I know you do. Of course you do. But we're talking of something more important. We're talking of the baby. Don't you love the baby too? Say you do."

"I do, I do."

"And swear that you think he's the most beautiful, and the most intelligent, and the most Caucasian baby. Oh, the idea of calling him a Japanese!"

"But I didn't, my dear. It was only a joke. And, Daphné, you always used to take a joke so well."

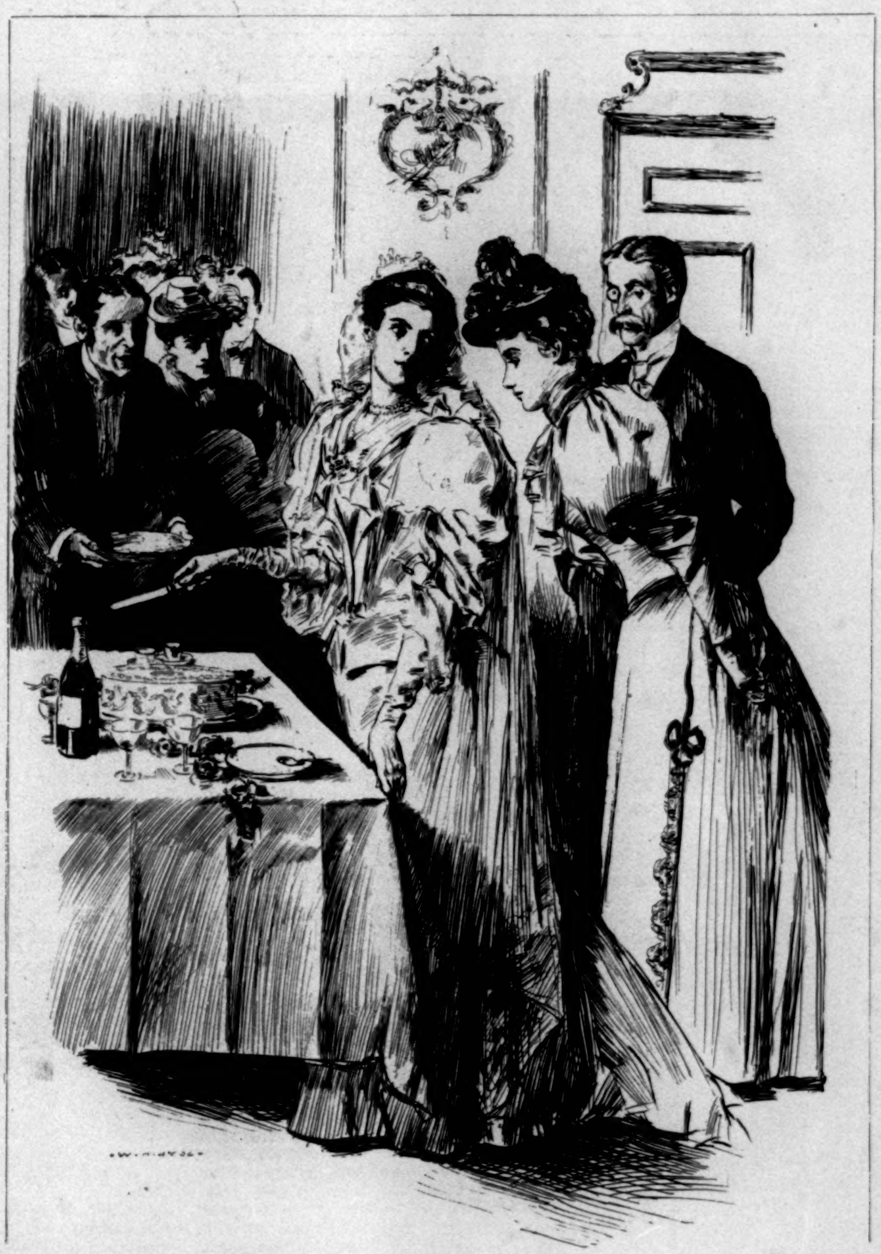
"Yes, about anything else, but not about—" And the little wife's eyes filled with tears.

"Hello! So I've a rival in Buster? My darling girl, I'll tell you a secret. I adore the baby. The other morning when I saw him take his bath I counted his dimples—every one of them. There! Will that satisfy you?"

"You dear old Merlin! And how many had he?"

"How many? Oh—er—ten. Yes, I think it was ten. I know it was an even number."

And then Daphné's sense of humor came back to her, and she laid her head on Merlin's shoulder and laughed. "You dear delicious Christmas present," she said. "Even the old abbé and the *pain bénit* and my wedding-day and our first drive together in my dear little brougham—do you remember it?—why, even the baby is not quite as nice as you are."



"THEN DAPHNÉ HAD CUT THE CAKE."

CHRISTMAS SHIPS.

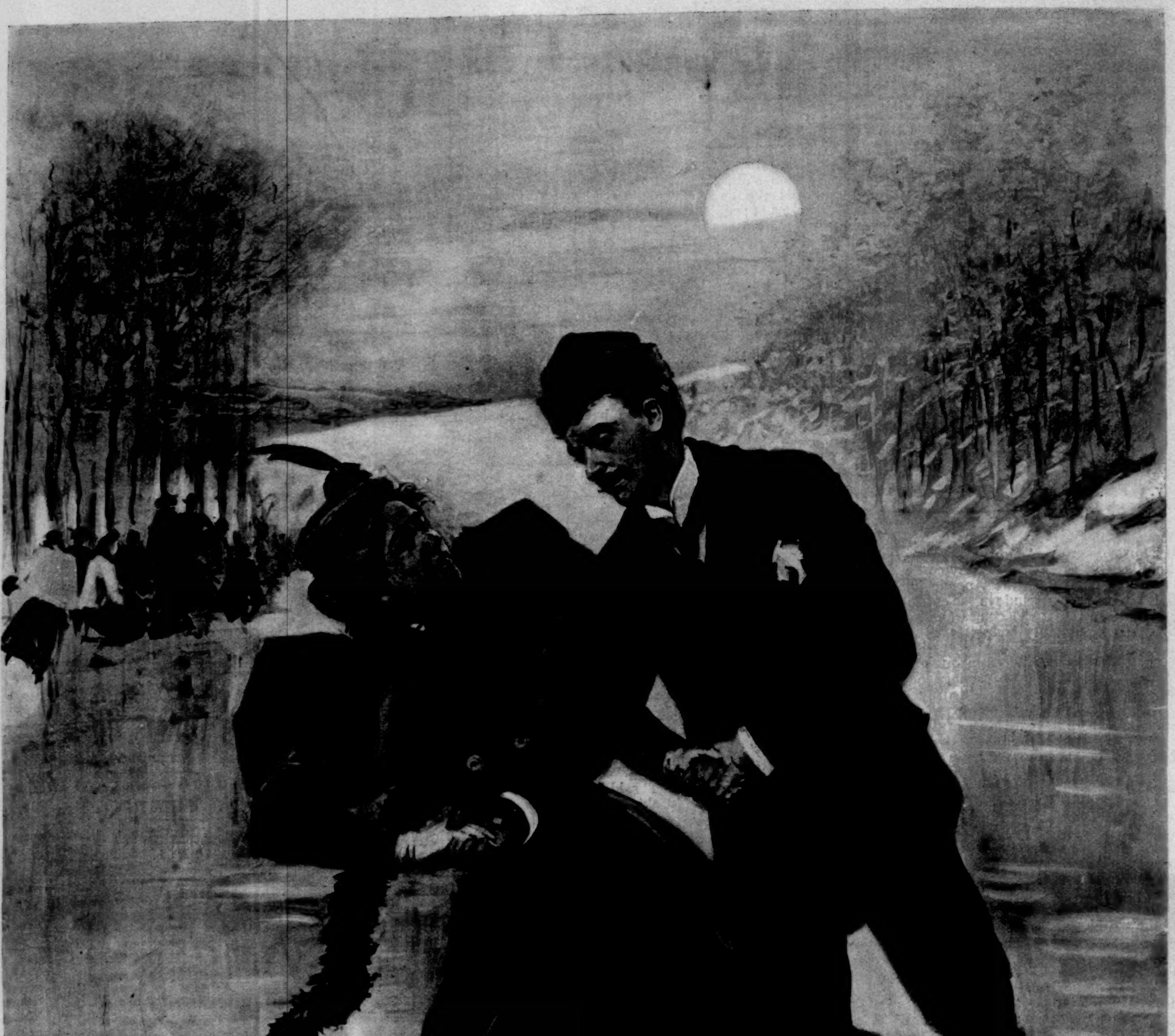
Blow fair, sweet wind, upon the distant seas;
Blow fair, and kind.
For many sails sue for a favoring breeze
Where none they find.
Your grace they court,
For Christmas port.

Some ride the waves with strong and buoyant prow,
And canvas white;
Others with straining spars the dark seas plough
In piteous plight.
Make them your care.
Kind wind, blow fair.

Many are faring home from havens far,
After long years;
And eyes are gazing out across the bar
Through gathering tears.
Bring the ship near,
For Christmas cheer.

Wherever ships should speed upon the wave,
Go, friendly breeze;
But when the billows fiercely rock and rave,
Lull them to ease.
Let joy abide
At Christmas-tide!

Ada Nichols Man.


C. S. REINHART
'94

"TWO'S COMPANY."—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.

Sailors and Landsmen,

A Story of 1812.

by Howard Pyle.

NOTE.—*This outline of a romance is offered as a Christmas present to the reader, who may, if he or she chooses, fill in the novel to suit the taste.*

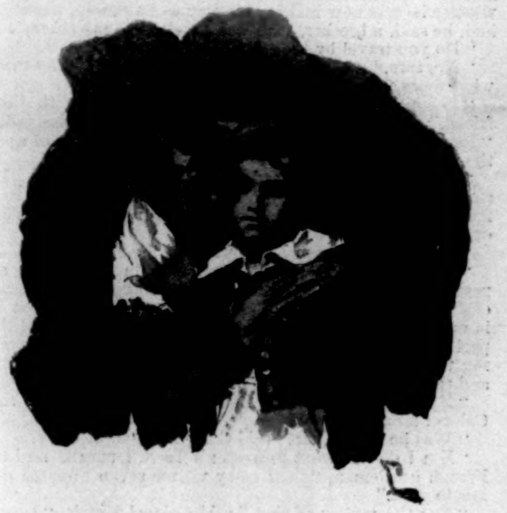
CHAPTER I.

* * * *

CHAPTER II.

* * * *

* * * The poor widowed mother still clung to her boy, and now the tears were raining down her face. The moment of parting had come, but how could she let him go—her one lamb? Was it not enough that her husband should have given his life to his country in Tripoli, so far from her? She kissed him again and again, the tears on her face wetting his cheeks. Jack could hardly help crying, but he was conscious of his new midshipman's uniform, and he manfully kept back his tears. Colonel Morris stood with his back turned to the mother and the son, looking out of the window into the street. "Come, come, Jack," he said at last, breaking in upon the painful scene, "you must say good-by to your mother now, or else you will miss the stage." * * * *



* * * *

* * * The little boy trotted along the warm sunlit street beside the tall figure of Colonel Morris. Until now, Jack had not realized the real bitterness of parting. He looked down at the handkerchief bundle that he carried in his hand, bulged out with the two apples that his mother had packed up along with the gingerbread for his lunch. How could he bear to leave that dear, dear mother? His eyes were hot and his throat dry with suppressed tears. He scarcely heard the instructions that Colonel Morris was giving him: how he was to leave the stage and take the new Fulton steam paddle-boat at New Brunswick—what he was to do when he came to New York—how he was to find Mr. Baker, and give the letter of introduction to him. Jack listened as he trotted along, but the words seemed empty and without meaning to his ears. * * * *

* * * The porters were just tumbling Jack's chest into the boot of the New York stage—the famous "Sky-rocket." * * * *

* * * Colonel Morris reached up to where Jack sat perched high aloft, and took the boy's little rough hand into his great soft grasp. "Good-by, Jack," said he. "Be a man! Be a brave gentleman, like your father, and we'll all be proud of you, and the whole country to boot."

"Thank 'ee, sir," said Jack, with a gulp; "I'll try." * * * *

* * * *

CHAPTER III.

* * * Perched high on top of the stage, in the warm sun, as the "Sky-rocket" whirled along the highway in a cloud of dust, the broad vista of meadow-land and fields seemed to Jack's eyes to stretch away strangely wide and far.

* * * *

* * * The old gentleman with the white wig was very much amused. He took a pinch of snuff with infinite relish. "Thank 'ee, my young gentleman," said he; "but I'm not hungry, and for the matter of that, there's no more than enough gingerbread for yourself."

"I'm sure there's more than enough, sir," said Jack; but he was very hungry, and rather glad that the old gentleman did not help himself to the gingerbread and the apples he had offered. * * * *

* * * "And so your father was a sailor too?" said the old gentleman.

"Ay, sir," said Jack. "His name was John Hill, and he was a post-captain."

"What!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Was he the Captain Hill who blew up the Tripolitan battery?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack, proudly. "He was my father."

"Then you are the son of a brave and noble gentleman," said the old gentleman. * * * *

* * * *

CHAPTER IV.

* * * The level stretch of the frigate's deck in the wide light, the tall spars, the maze of rigging sharp-cut against the sky, the long range of guns, the sailors clustered in the forecastle, and over all the pale, luminous heaven of evening, with the crescent moon in the yellow west—all this the little boy saw in a single glance as he stood looking about him. How wonderful it all was! How strange! How new! His heart swelled within him. Maybe he himself would be captain of a man-of-war some day. * * * *

* * * * "And so," said the Commodore, smiling, "you are Jack Hill's son, are you?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack.

"And what is your name, young gentleman?" asked the Commodore.

"My name is Jack Hill too," answered Jack.

"The same name," said the Commodore. "Well, Mr. Hill, your father and I were famous friends. Maybe he himself would have been a commodore now if he had not blown himself up with that cursed Tripolitan battery."

CHAPTER V.

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* * * Jack found himself fairly crying with rage as he stood upon the *Chesapeake's* shattered and blood-stained deck, as he saw the triumphant crew of the *Leopard's* boat pull back across that restless stretch of water to the English man-of-war carrying away from the frigate the four impressed seamen. * * * *

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CHAPTER VI.

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* * * It seemed strange to Jack to be at home again, and yet everything was singularly familiar.

Before three days had gone by it seemed almost as though he had never been away—excepting for his new middy's uniform, which all the boys, and especially Ned Morris, admired so vastly. * * * *

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CHAPTER VII.

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* * * And so Colonel Morris consented to stand at the coming election for Representative for Congress.

* * * *

* * * Black Ben climbed up the tall flag-pole and loosened the tangled lanyards, and when at last the flag with its stars and stripes burst into the warm sunlight, and when all the committee cheered, Ned Morris felt that his father was indeed a candidate for Representative. He wished that Jack had only had leave of absence long enough to share his glory. * * * *

CHAPTER VIII.

* * * The political canvass of that year was one of the most stirring that had ever taken place in that part of the State. Colonel Morris was a very popular candidate, but so was Mr. Whittaker. * * * *

* * * *

* * * The Colonel's appearance at the door of the bar-room was the signal for redoubled enthusiasm. The young girls, dressed in white, and with wreaths on their heads, who still sat uncomfortably packed in the bower-like green of the decorated farm-wagon, also cheered shrilly, and the one with the dark hair and eyes waved the flag so violently back and forth that the horses reared and plunged until she had to cease her patriotic demonstrations.

Colonel Morris bowed again and again and again, and again the people cheered. * * * *

* * * Election day broke bright and warm. * * * *

* * * *

* * * It was nearly a week before the returns were all in from the remote polling-places, but long before the last was received it was known that Colonel Morris had been elected to Congress by one of the handsomest majorities of the day. * * * *

* * * *

* * * "Then, my dear," said Mrs. Morris, "if you are pleased, why, so am I."

"I wish you joy, father," said Ned.

"And so do I, papa," said Evelyn. * * * *

CHAPTER IX.

* * * *

CHAPTER X.

* * * *

And so again Jack was home on leave of absence.

* * * *

Jack's mother stood with her hand on his shoulder. And so this tall young man of twenty was really her son! She had not realized till then that four more years had passed.

* * * *

CHAPTER XI.

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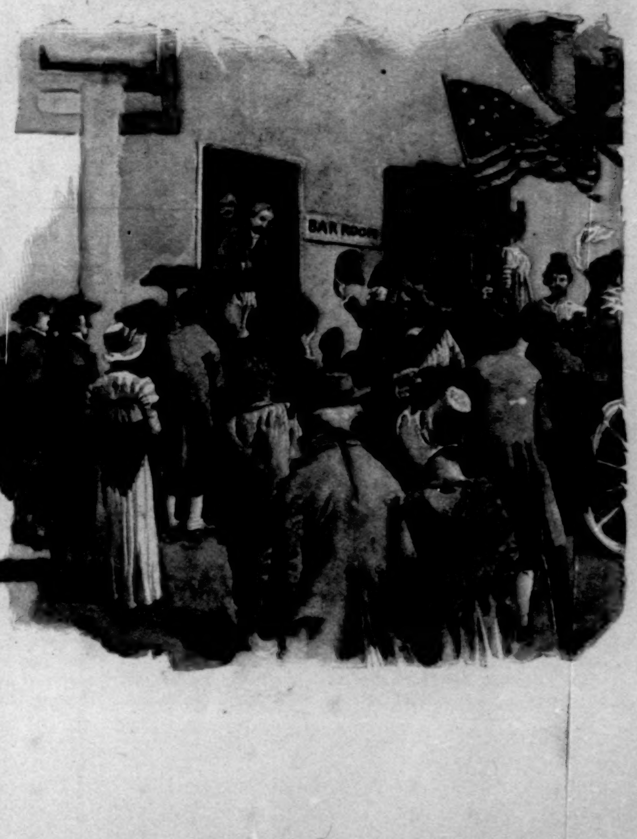
* * * The last time Jack had been at Holbrook—that notable time when he had sat down upon the newly painted garden bench and had spoiled the white duck breeches of his brand-new middy's uniform with the green paint—Evelyn Morris had been a thin, somewhat overgrown little girl



of twelve, and he and his friend Ned had paid but little attention to her. Now he was struck all aback to find her suddenly grown into a slender, graceful maiden of fifteen. He scarcely dared look at her as he bowed before the suddenly transformed creature; but he was conscious that she was very pretty, and that she had lovely melting brown eyes and soft brown hair, curly at the forehead and the temples, and somewhat rebellious of the high tortoise-shell comb. He was also conscious that the slim white dress, with its short waist, vastly enhanced the slender gracefulness of the slim girlish figure, and * * * *

* * * *

CHAPTER XII.

* * * He thought that he had never seen Evelyn look so beautiful. * * * *

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CHAPTER XIII.

* * * The indignation of the nation that had so vented itself upon poor Commodore Barron had been somewhat mollified and cooled by the action between the United States frigate *President* and the English sloop-of-war *Little Belt*. Still, it smouldered very hotly, and the Declaration of War was hailed with general satisfaction, except perhaps in such mercantile centres as New York, Boston, and Baltimore, where the embargo upon English trade would be more severely felt. * * *

* * * *

* * * Jack came in, holding the official envelope in his hand. He knew that there was a painful scene before him, and he spoke almost boisterously. "Well, mother," he said, "here are my sailing orders, sure enough."

The poor woman clasped her hands together. "Oh, Jack!" she cried, "has it indeed come?" * * * *

* * * "When must you go?" she asked at last.

"On Wednesday," said Jack. He did not look in her face when he answered.

CHAPTER XIV.

That Wednesday morning Jack woke with the sunlight shining brightly in the room and a waking sense of something impending. What was it? Oh yes! this was the day that he must leave for Boston to join the frigate. * * * *

* * * *

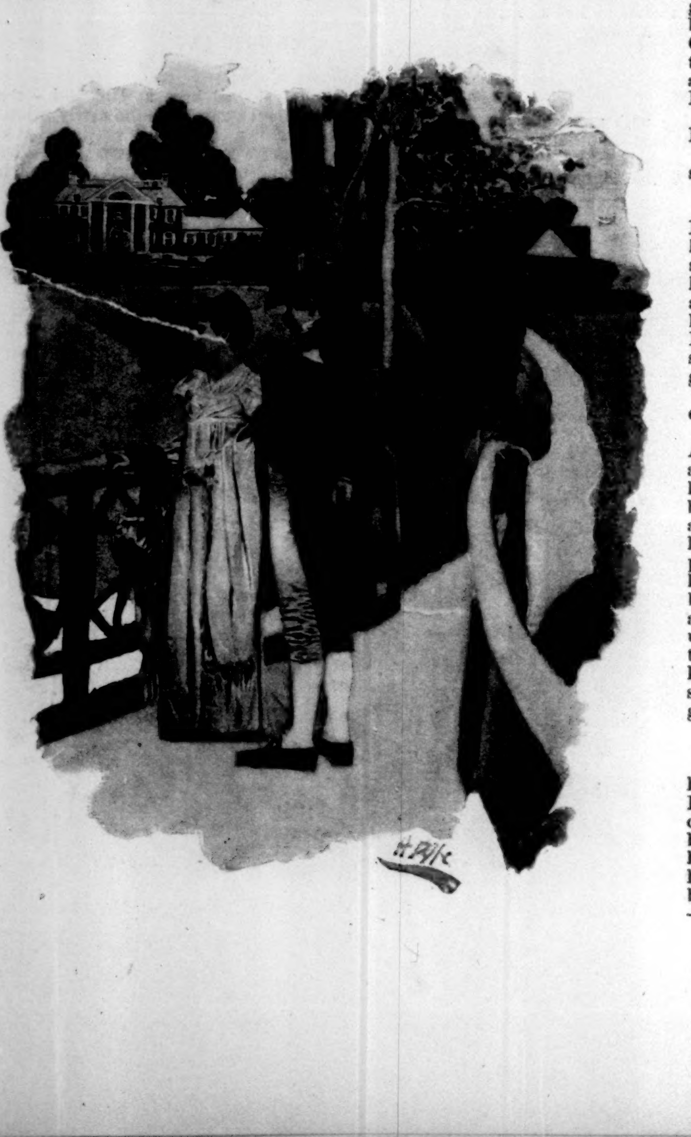
* * * "I don't see why you should want to go over to Holbrook," said Mrs. Hill, almost crying, "this one morning of all that is left. You go to Holbrook every day. I should think you would want to spend the last morning that you have with your mother."

"So I do, mother," said Jack; "but, d'ye see, I must go out to Holbrook."

"Why must you go?" said she. Jack did not reply. It was almost upon his tongue to tell his mother how much he was in love with Evelyn Morris; but he hesitated, and before he could speak his mother continued, "If Edward Morris were as fond of you as you are of him he would come here to see you, instead of expecting you to go all the way out to Holbrook to see him." Then Jack did not say anything about Evelyn, for somehow, in the face of his mother's innocent unconsciousness, he could not tell her that it was not Edward Morris he wanted to see. * * * *

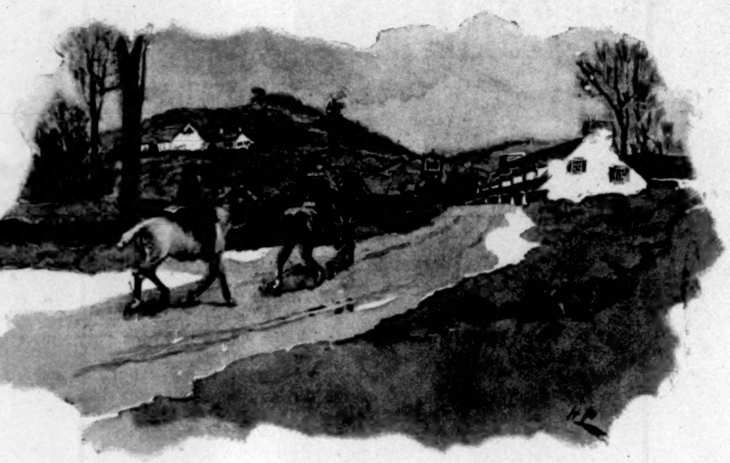
* * * *

* * * It seemed to Jack that Evelyn was singularly gentle and subdued in her manner. She was unusually kind to him, and there was none of that vexatious vivacity, that teasing air of indifference, that he knew so well. When he suggested a walk she acceded almost meekly. * * *



The late November day was singularly soft and mild. Evelyn had drawn a soft white silken shawl over her shoulders. Jack stood watching the reflection of her face in the glass as she carefully tied the strings of her bonnet under her soft round chin. She did not look back at him out of the glass, but it seemed to him that she was well aware that he was looking so intently at her. * * * *

* * * The bridge across the little glen overlooked the smooth bright surface of a small artificial lake. Beyond it the lawn sloped upward past the little clumps of box and low evergreens, and at the crest of the rise the great red brick façade of the house, with its high white pillars and its portico with the half-round window, basked brightly in the mellow sunlight. A gabbling flock of white ducks at the farther margin of the little lake looked almost swanlike in the bright sunlight.



Jack saw all this, and yet did not see it. His heart was thumping and palpitating so that it seemed to him as though he could hardly breathe. He knew that now or never was the time for him to say his say. He knew that he could not go away without speaking, and yet from instant to instant he shrank back from speaking. Then at last he suddenly spoke, almost before he knew that he was about to speak, and his voice struck loud upon his own ears. "Evelyn," he said. How his heart beat! He felt as though he would suffocate. She did not reply. "Evelyn," he said again, "you know why I come here so often."

Her face was turned away from him, and she was looking across the water at the flock of white ducks. He could see that her bosom was rising and falling tumultuously.

"I—I don't know," she almost whispered. "To see Ned, I suppose."

"No, I don't," said Jack, haltingly; "I come to see you. You must know that I—I love you, Evelyn." Yes; he had spoken—his heart was beating and leaping madly, and his mouth felt very dry, but he had spoken—he had said it. She did not reply. "Won't you speak to me?" said he at last. "Won't you say something?"

Then she slowly raised her soft brown eyes to look straight at him, and in them he read his answer. * * * *

* * * *

* * * All the family but Evelyn came out to bid Jack good-by. "Good-by, Jack!"—"Good-by!"—"Good-by!"—"Good-by, Jack!" Only she stood back in the hall behind the others. "You'll write me as soon as you get to Boston, won't you, Jack?" It was Ned who was speaking.

"Yes," said Jack, "to be sure I will." He was looking at Evelyn.

"Good-by, Jack!" And now he was shaking hands with Colonel Morris.

"Good-by, sir!"

"Here, Evelyn!" called out Colonel Morris. "Where is the girl? Come out here and bid Jack good-by. What d'ye stand back there for? Come, Jack, kiss her good-by." Jack's heart quivered at the suddenness of the proposal, and he drew back. "What!" cried Colonel Morris; "d'ye draw back—and you a sailor? Sure you're not afraid to kiss a girl, are you?"

Evelyn shrank back as Jack approached her, then she stood still.

Jack took her unresisting hand in his. A moment, and then their lips met. For an instant he felt the lingering touch of her warm, fragrant lips, and he was blind to everything else. It was only an instant; then he was out in the sunlight again, almost dizzy with what had passed. He swung himself up upon his horse. Again they were calling "Good-by, good-by, good-by!" as he galloped away. He still felt the touch of her lips upon his. As he crossed the bridge he turned and waved his hand, hardly knowing what he did; they were all standing there but Evelyn—she had gone. * * * *

* * * *

* * * Jack still held his mother's hand—the time had come for him to go. He looked into her tear-wet face. How could he tell her? But he must tell her before he went. "Mother," he said, and he pressed the hand he held strongly in his own, "I must tell you something before I go. I love Evelyn Morris, and—I think she loves me."

"Oh, Jack!" cried his mother; and then she added, "And was that why you went over to Holbrook this morning?"

"Yes, mother."

"Oh, Jack!" she said again. She clung to his hand for a moment of silence, and then she said, "Why, you're only children. You're but twenty yet, and she's only fifteen." * * * *

CHAPTER XV.

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* * * And so it was finally arranged that Colonel Morris should go to Washington alone, and that the rest of the family should perhaps follow him thither some time during the summer—that is, if he were able in the mean time to find sufficiently comfortable accommodations for them in the rather rude frame buildings and taverns of the national capital.

CHAPTER XVI.

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* * * The ditches were covered with a scum of sodden ice, and lingering drifts of snow still lay smooth-spread on the north slopes of the banks.

* * * *

* * * And so Colonel Morris was very glad to get from the biting sweep of the bitter March wind into the shelter and warmth of the tavern.

The Baltimore stage had already arrived, and the guests were at dinner. Colonel Morris could hear the distant clatter of knives and forks as he lingered with his overcoat open and muffler loosened, warming his blue-cold hands before the crackling blaze of the hickory fire. * * *

* * * *

* * * The table stretched down the length of the long, low-ceilinged, barrack-like room. There was a ceaseless, noisy clatter of knives and forks and a pervading smell of hot dinner. There were some dozen or more guests in all, all of them intently busy over the heaping plates of food, flanked by saucers of cranberry sauce or jelly. The landlord, a short, fat man, his face seamed with purple veins, was busy cutting thin red slices from a great sirloin of beef at the side-table. * * * *

* * * The Colonel's neighbor wore a white bob-wig, spectacles, a patch over one eye, and a voluminous neckerchief which nearly hid his chin. He was evidently a foreigner, but he spoke very good English. * * * *

* * * In the conversation that followed over the bottle of the Archangel's Madeira, Colonel Morris became very much interested in the stranger's story. He had, the Frenchman said, been aboard of a brigantine bound for Martinique. The vessel had been captured by an English sloop of war, and he had been sent with the other prisoners to Halifax, whence he was now making his way to Baltimore, where he had, he said, a brother, who was a well-to-do merchant.

"Do you travel by the stage?" said Colonel Morris.

"No, sare," said the Frenchman; "I travel vit my man, who comes from Halifax vit me."

"I hope thee does not carry much money with thee, friend," said a Quaker gentleman from across the table, "for they tell me that Tim Duncan hath been heard of upon the road hereabouts."

"Ay," said the landlord, "that is true enough. He stopped Mr. Waterhouse down below New Castle and took from him a fine gold watch and a hundred and twenty dollars in money."

"And who ees Teem Duncan?" said the Frenchman.

"Why, sir," said a stout gentleman in black, who sat near the end of the table, and who was travelling to Annapolis with his wife and daughter, "you must know that he is one of the most cunning, clever highwaymen in all this part of the world. 'Twas he who, with two of his gang, ran the Albany stage with eleven passengers into a ditch and robbed them, every one of all that he had."

"My brother-in-law was in the stage at that time," said Colonel Morris.

"Was he indeed, sir?" said the gentleman in black.

"Zen I do not want to meet zis Teem Duncan," said the French gentleman, "for I carry vit me seven hundred dollars in gold."

"For the matter of that," said Colonel Morris, "I carry over four hundred dollars myself. But if the rogue can get it out of my saddle-bags before I can pull a pistol from the holsters, why, he is welcome to it all."

"Nay, friends," said the Quaker gentleman, "you should not talk so freely of your money. We are all strangers here; how do you know that one of us may not be Tim Duncan himself?"

"Why, zounds! sir," said Colonel Morris, "I do believe you are right. 'Twas a foolish thing to do. But, sir," said he, turning to the French gentleman, "what do you say to our travelling in company? You and your man and I and my negro man will make four. 'Tis not likely that any rogue of a highwayman betwixt here and Washington would dare to face such a force."

"Sare," said the Frenchman, with a bow, "nothing would please me better."

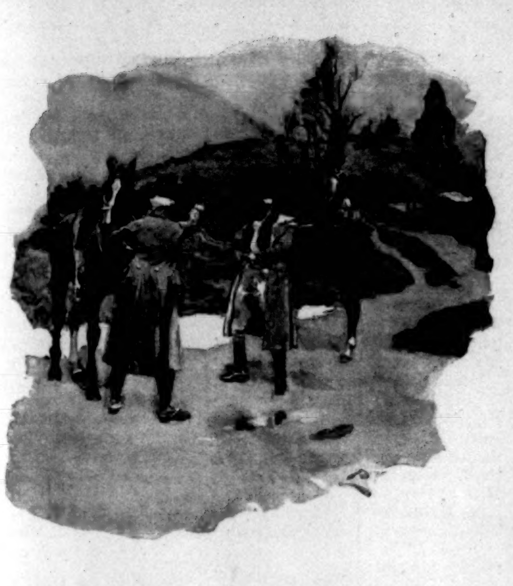
* * * *

* * * Colonel Morris was furious—his face was purple; but what could he do? He was helpless. There was the nozzle of the pistol levelled straight at his head, and there were the black sparkling eyes of Tim Duncan behind it—the spectacles and the patch thrown aside, the bob-wig twitched awry, and the mild, timid French gentleman suddenly transformed into the fierce and cruel highwayman.

Black Bob was equally helpless in the hands of the confederate. He stood with the pistol pressed against his head, motionless—paralyzed with fear—his eyes rolling whitely, and his teeth clattering together. * * * *

* * * There was nothing for it. One by one Colonel Morris turned his pockets inside out, emptying out his wallet, his watch, his snuff-box, his spectacle-case, his letters. * * * "'Tis a fine watch," said Tim Duncan; "but there's not much in the wallet. You may keep your spectacles; you will need them to read your speech in Congress. This is a handsome snuff-box. I will think of you whenever I use it. The letters you may keep." * * * *

* * * Even the loss of his money did not make Colonel Morris feel so angry as to see the contents of his saddle-bags



—his cambric shirts, his satin neckerchiefs, his two silk nightcaps, his various other belongings—scattered about on the muddy road-side.

"You damned villain!" he cried, "you shall pay dearly for this or my name's not Edward Morris!"

Tim Duncan burst out laughing. "Why, I like your spirit, sir," said he; "that I do."

* * * Tim Duncan had replaced his spectacles and the black patch. He lifted his hat with an air. "And now, sir," he said, "I wish you a very good-day." * * * *

* * * Then at last Colonel Morris gave full vent to his boiling anger. He swore at himself for a fool; at Tim Duncan for a rogue; at the Congress of the United States for being instrumental in his humiliation; at Black Bob for not gathering together the scattered contents of the saddle-bags. * * * *

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CHAPTER XVII.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

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CHAPTER XIX.

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CHAPTER XX.

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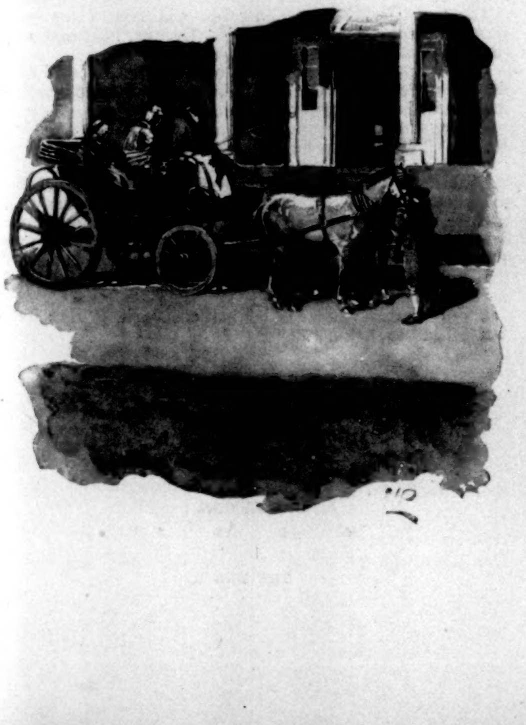
* * * All the polite world was talking about what a gallant cavalier he was: how handsome, what an air he had, how fine and genteel were his manners. He sang, he played the flute, he danced divinely. His very name—Isidor Everard—sounded like a name out of a romance. He told the world but little about himself. It was generally known among his acquaintances that he was the younger son of a distinguished English family, and that he had an uncle living in New York, but still a certain air of mystery hung about him—just enough to enhance his interest in the eyes of the world.

Edward Morris made his acquaintance at the meet of the Fox-hunting Club at Media, and he came back home enchanted with him and his fascinating manners. There was no one in the field rode as he did, and the song he sang in the parlor after the hunting supper and the stories he told of English life provoked, Edward said, roars of laughter and applause. The young man had given him a pressing invitation to visit Holbrook. Mr. Everard had been very affable and pleasant with him, and though he had declined he had declined in such a way as pleased Ned almost as much as an acceptance could have done.

Of course Evelyn was vastly interested in all that Edward said about the fascinating stranger. "I don't see why you will not let me go out into company, mamma," said she. "Eliza Roberts and Jane Kinley are not a year older than I, and yet they are both out in company so long ago as last winter."

"And so shall you go out into company next winter," said Mrs. Morris.



Evelyn pouted. "Next winter!" said she. "I dare say so!" She was silent for a moment or two, and then she said, "Here are all the girls talking about Mr. Everard, and I must sit at home working like a child at a sampler."

"Ho! ho!" laughed Edward. "Mr. Everard, indeed! So that is where it pinches!" * * * *

CHAPTER XXI.

* * * *

* * * "Mamma! mamma!" cried Evelyn, flying up-stairs. "'Tis Mrs. Roberts and Anne and Eliza in their chariot, and I do believe it is Mr. Everard, who is coming to call with them—a great, tall, handsome gentleman!" * * * *

* * * *

* * * Evelyn sat very demurely listening to the two young girls, and rather satirically observant of their airs and graces. It seemed to her that everything with them was superlative: "La! ma'am, 'twas the dearest, sweetest sermon that I ever listened to;" or, "Oh, la! yes—'twas the most heavenly delicious tea that ever I drank, and fetched all the way from Canton China by the Captain himself."

Mr. Everard said almost nothing, but it seemed to Evelyn when she again looked up and caught his eyes that there was just the slightest shadow of a smile of amusement hovering around the corners of his mouth. * * * *

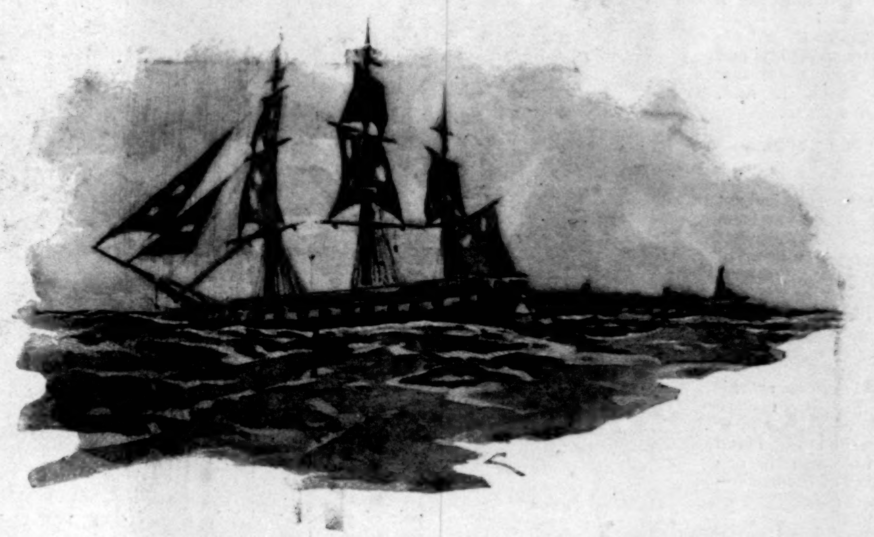
* * * Suddenly Mr. Everard turned and spoke directly to her. "I did not see you at Mrs. Ramson's kettle-drum," said he.

"Why, no," said Evelyn, almost with a start—then she blushed. "Mamma," she continued, constrainedly, "does not choose for me to go out into company until next winter."

"Ah, indeed," said Mr. Everard; "how unfortunate that the world of fashion should be deprived of so much pleasure as your presence in society would afford it!"

Evelyn wondered whether he was laughing at her. She looked up at him shyly, but his eyes were still fixed steadily upon her and his face was quite serious. "Maybe," she thought, "that is the way men of fashion talk."

Just at that moment Edward came into the room, and the two gentlemen shook hands very heartily with one another. * * * *



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CHAPTER XXII.

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* * * Jack thought he had never seen a more beautiful sight than that English frigate, slowly rising and falling upon the tremendously rolling waters of the stormy Atlantic sea. In the drifting of the masses of cloud and patches of blue sky a misty shaft of sunlight fell athwart her decks, twinkling and flashing upon the brass-work and the polished gun-barrels of the waiting marines. It did not seem possible that death and destruction could be lurking within those silent wooden walls.

Suddenly there was a belching cloud of smoke, and instantly another and another; a second or two and the thudding thunder of the explosions beat upon the air, and the round-shot from a half-dozen guns came tearing and scuttering across the water.

The battle had begun.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

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* * * Jack lay back in his berth still weak from the pain through which he had passed. His shattered arm felt dully heavy; it was stiff and unwieldy with the clumsy mass of splints with which it was encased.

The long lull that had followed the tremendous vibrations and concussions of the cannonade seemed strangely dead and heavy—a silence only accented by the ceaseless creaking and straining of the ship's timbers and the pat of bare feet coming and going across the deck above.

Jack could hear the creaking of block and tackle and the shouting of orders, and presently, by the sharp pitching of the vessel, he knew that the frigate had come about.

Again there was the sound of cheering, and then a multitudinous pat of running feet, and, above all, the shrill piping to quarters. Jack raised himself upon his elbow in his berth. A keen, poignant pain shot through his wounded arm and shoulder, and his head swam dizzily. Nevertheless, he half rolled, half climbed out of his berth, and then stood for a few moments balancing himself to the rolling of the ship. Then, with uncertain steps and in his stocking feet, he made his way up to the deck above.

The first thing he saw was that the two dead men whom he had last seen lying at the foot of the mainmast had been carried below. But everywhere else around him were the signs of the battle through which the frigate had passed: gaps and tears in the sails above, sheets and halyards cut and flying to the wind; here and there half-naked sailors busy splicing and patching; here and there white, shattered places where the shot had torn away the wood-work; here and there red stains and splotches upon the sawdust-covered deck.

The Captain and the First Lieutenant were standing on the quarter-deck close together looking out across the water. Jack clambered up to the rail, holding fast to the ratlines, and looked out in the same direction.

At first he could see nothing—then he could not believe his eyes. Was it possible that that tremendous and tragic wreck, maybe a quarter of a mile away, was all that was left of the English frigate? Where was that noble war-ship now that Jack had so much admired as it rode towering for battle? Nothing but a shattered and bleeding hulk, rolling dully and heavily in the trough of the sea. Not a spar was standing—nothing but the stump of the mizzen-mast. The wreck of the mainmast dragged alongside, and a great litter of tangled wreckage covered the deck.

As the American frigate drew slowly across the bows of her beaten enemy, Jack, from where he stood, could, with the mountainous lift of the sea, look directly down upon her decks. Everywhere were death and blood and shattered wreck, a tangle of rigging and dismantled guns, beneath which lay half-naked figures still and motionless. Only one officer stood upon the quarter-deck, his arm in a sling and a bloody bandage tied around his forehead.

It was incredible! It was unbelievable! An English frigate—a hitherto unconquerable heart of oak—actually beaten, cut to pieces, annihilated, after thirty short minutes of actual battle. The crew of the American frigate had burst out into the roaring, inarticulate cheering of intoxicated triumph. Again and again they shouted and yelled, cheering like madmen, and Jack found himself shouting and yelling with the rest, every nerve thrilling and tingling.

The English frigate lay rolling and wallowing as silent as death.

What a glorious thing he would have to tell Evelyn Morris!

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CHAPTER XXIV.

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CHAPTER XXV.

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Now that Mr. Isidor Everard was under this cloud of suspicion it was wonderful how few young people there were in the town who had ever really thought well of him; how many there were who had always suspected him to be an adventurer. * * * *

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* * * Then Edward Morris arose and almost staggered out of the room littered with cards. His heart was black and bitter with despair. Ten thousand dollars! How could he ever have lost all that money at a game of cards! What would his father say? What would he do? He stood at the head of the stairs, thinking and thinking. Suddenly he heard a burst of laughter in the room behind—Everard's laugh dominating all the others. Poor Ned wondered dully whether they were laughing at him. It seemed peculiarly cruel that Everard should laugh when he had stripped him so bare. * * * *

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CHAPTER XXVI.

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* * * "I tell you," said Edward—and his face was white and drawn with the passion of wrath and excitement—"I tell you, sir, you shall not set your feet again in this house."

"And who is to prevent me, young gentleman?" said Mr. Isidor Everard, calmly.

"I shall prevent you," said Edward. "You shall not come here. I am master here while my father is away. You are not a fit man to visit my sister."

"Come, come, Ned," said Mr. Everard, coolly, "you forget that you owe me ten thousand dollars. After you have paid me that, then you may order me to cease coming to this house."

* * * *

CHAPTER XXVII.

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* * * It was incredible to Edward that the man should have come again, and the very next day after he had been so forbidden the house. * * * *

* * * Edward walked directly across the hall and into the parlor. As he stalked across the room in his riding-boots, his gloves and his riding-whip in his hand, Evelyn looked up at him wonderingly. Everard sat perfectly calm

and quiet. Edward stood for a while, his back to the fireplace, tapping his boot nervously with his riding-whip, and there was a long space of constrained silence.

"Did you see Tom Flinn this morning while you were in town?" asked Mr. Everard at last.

"No," said Edward, shortly.

Evelyn opened her eyes wide with wonder. What was the matter with Edward? Suddenly the young man turned toward her. "I stopped to see Mrs. Hill," said he. "She had a letter from Jack, and he promises to be home to-morrow or next day."

Evelyn blushed crimson. "Jack," she repeated. She felt that Mr. Everard's eyes were fixed intently on her, and the consciousness of it made her still more painfully embarrassed.

There was another pause. "And who is Jack?" said Mr. Everard at last.

Then Edward Morris turned suddenly toward him. "Jack," said he, deliberately, "is Lieutenant John Hill, of the Navy. He is about returning from a cruise. He is my friend, and it is the great hope of my life that he will some time be my brother-in-law."

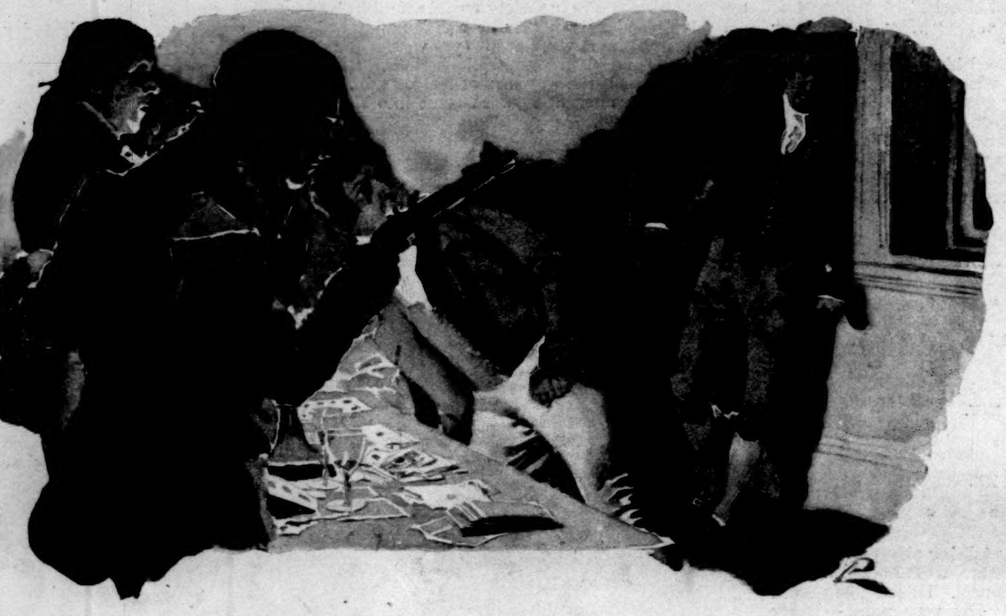
The silence that succeeded was perfect and breathless. Poor Evelyn! Her face, her forehead, her very neck were suffused with burning crimson. She sat not knowing what to do or where to look.

"Indeed?" said Mr. Everard at last. "Then, if your hope comes true, your friend, Mr. Lieutenant Jack, is to be more vastly congratulated than any man whom I know."

* * * *

* * * Evelyn, after the visitor had gone, still sat in her place, and Edward still stood before the fire. She arose and suddenly turned upon her brother, and with a face flaming like fire she almost hissed out, "I hate you, Ned Morris! And I hate your friend Jack Hill!" Then she swept out of the room, banging the door behind her.

Poor Edward! In his blundering effort to save his sister from a man who he now felt sure must be a villain, he had, in his struggles, only drawn the net the more tightly about him and her. "I wish my father were only here," he said, almost with a groan.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

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* * * The country had not yet begun to recover from the jubilation over that great and unexpected victory of the infant navy. Everywhere Jack found the flags flying and heard the talk of the fight between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*. * * *

His naval uniform and his arm in splints were enough at once to call attention to him, but when it was found that he was actually one of the heroes of the battle— * * * *

* * * *

* * * Old Joe stopped the stage at the corner of the street and Jack leaped to the ground. * * * *

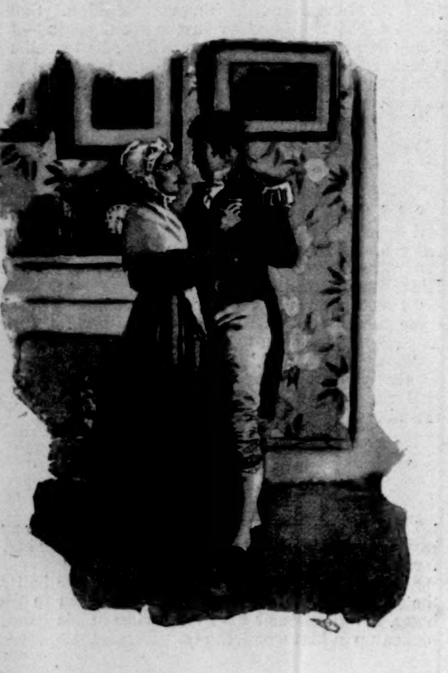
* * * *

* * * It seemed very wonderful to be at home again after all that he had seen and lived through, and yet how singularly familiar everything was! There was the corner of the street; there was Mrs. Mott's store, and there was Mrs. Mott herself measuring off a yard of ribbon to a customer, altogether unconscious of his return; there was the tall, fine-looking brick house itself. He was home at last! How bright the knocker shone in the sunlight!

He ran up the steps and opened the door without knocking. How familiar the smell of the house! He went on through the hall and into the library beyond, walking on tiptoe.

The afternoon light was coming in through the windows, twinkling on the brass andirons, and glistening like stars on the brass nails of the sofa. His mother was sitting in a rocking-chair, her feet on a low fender before the fire. She was knitting some fancy-work, rocking with a regular vibration and a measured creak, creak of the rockers. Her back was toward him, and she was perfectly unconscious of his being there.

"Mother!" * * * *



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CHAPTER XXIX.

* * * As Jack rode along the familiar road toward Holbrook it seemed as though he could hardly contain himself. Was it possible that he was actually to see Evelyn again—to speak to her face to face! What would she say? what would she do? He seemed to feel again the touch of her soft, fragrant lips, and again his heart thrilled keenly, and he drew a deep breath that was almost a sigh. Eight months more he would be of age and would come into his fortune. Then he would be a rich man, and then— * * * *

* * * *

* * * She was standing beside the fireplace, resting with one elbow upon the mantel. She did not come forward to meet him, but stood where she was, blushing crimson, and Jack was instantly chilled by the strange coldness of her expression and her strangely repellent bearing. As he took her cold little hand in his big brown grasp it flashed upon him to think how different the meeting was from what he had pictured to himself as he rode over from town.

Mr. Everard, tall, sallow, handsome, stood at the other side of the fireplace. He held his hat in one hand, and a pair of gloves—which he flicked every now and then—in the other.

* * * *

As poor Jack rode slowly homeward through the afternoon he felt as though all the brightness had gone out of his life. He remembered now that even the warmth of Edward's greeting had about it something that was constrained.

Who was the handsome Mr. Everard? What did it all mean? His heart grew heavy within him as he pondered upon it. * * * *

CHAPTER XXX.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

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* * * Jack Hill, as he rode unconsciously up to the house, had no idea of the tempest that had burst at Holbrook. The big brick mansion looked very peaceful and quiet in the warm mellow sunlight. * * * *

* * * *

Edward Morris was walking up and down the library like a crazy man. His face was white and fairly convulsed with passion. As Jack entered, Edward swung around sharply, almost fiercely. He stood for a moment grinding his teeth together. "The villain!" he cried, hoarsely. "Oh, the villain!"

"Who?" cried out Jack. "What d'ye mean?"

"Everard," said Edward, in the same hoarse voice. "Curse him! to bring this disgrace upon such a family as ours!"

There was a moment or two of silence. Jack stood leaning against the table. The clock ticked loudly through the stillness, and the smouldering logs rustled as they settled in the fireplace. The most dreadful fears and suspicions began to make their way into Jack's mind.

"What has he done?" said he at last, and his voice was hoarse and constrained.

"I'll tell you what he's done," said Edward, "the damned villain; he had persuaded Evelyn to elope with him, and would have carried her off this very night, only that her heart failed her, and she confessed everything to her mother just after dinner to-day."

Again there was a long silence. Poor Jack at first hardly realized how great was the blow that had been struck him. His Evelyn! His Evelyn! Was it possible? Only two days home and this had come upon him! How could Evelyn have done it! * * * *

* * * *

* * * "Harkee, Ned," said Jack; "you'll do nothing of the sort. 'Tis I will take this matter on myself. I have told you just what there was between us, and sure you must see as a man of honor 'tis my quarrel more than 'tis yours." * * * *

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CHAPTER XXXII.

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* * * And so Mr. Isidor Everard's farewell supper at the Black Bull Tavern had wound up with a game of cards. * * * *

* * * Some of the guests were shouting and singing tipsily, but still they continued playing. Everard himself shouted and laughed with the loudest. His sallow cheeks were flushed and his eyes were bright, but he had drunk little or no wine, and he was winning. * * * *

* * * He was to be at Holbrook at half past eleven. He looked up at the clock—it was already half past ten. * * * *

* * * *

* * * One of the new-comers was Edward Morris, and the other was Jack Hill. Both of the young men were very pale, but no one seemed to notice it, and a burst of greeting met them as they came in.

"Have a glass of wine, boys," called out Tom Roberts.

"Ay," said Everard; "help yourselves, gentlemen." He rapped upon the table. "Gentlemen! gentlemen! Silence!" he cried. And then as comparative, silence fell on the tumult—"Fill up your glasses, and I'll give you all a toast. Gentlemen, I toast you the beauty of Pennsylvania, Miss Evelyn Morris."

As Everard had begun speaking, Jack had reached over Tom Roberts's shoulder and had taken up his glass of wine.

"Here, fill a glass for yourself, Jack!" cried out the young man. "What d'ye take my glass for?"

Jack paid no heed to him, but as Everard ceased speaking he leaned forward and flung the wine full in the other's face, and then in an instant flung the glass after it. "You villain!" he roared, panting hoarsely. "You scoundrel! how dare you speak that lady's name in such a place!" * * * *

* * * *

"This is too narrow a space," cried Ned Morris, desperately. "'Tis clean murder to fight across a room as small as this."

"Never mind, Ned," said Jack; "I'm satisfied. Let it stand as 'tis. If the man must go at eleven o'clock there's only a quarter of an hour to carry the business through."

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said Everard, suddenly—he picked up a pistol as he spoke—"but yonder candle wants snuffing."

He aimed the weapon at a candle on the farther side of the room, and instantly fired with a deafening report. The bullet flicked the flame of the candle, snuffed the wick, and struck the wall with a scattering whir of plaster, and instantly the room was full of smoke. Everard grinned as he laid the pistol down again on the table. "Load it up once more, Wilkins," said he.

"You scoundrel!" cried Jack; "d'ye think to scare me by your tricks? By the Eternal, I'd fight you if you were the devil himself!"

Mr. Everard burst out laughing. "Why, I like your pluck, young gentleman," said he. "'Tis a pleasure to meet a man of your courage. All the same, you are a dead man this night, as sure as you stand in shoe-leather. Why, Ned, my boy," said he, turning to Edward Morris, "what makes you look so white? Sure you are not afraid for such a brave man as your friend, and he a Lieutenant to boot? Have a pinch of snuff—'twill put heart in you." He put his hand in his pocket as he spoke, and fetched out a handsome silver-gilt snuff-box. He polished it upon his sleeve and snapped open the lid, and reached it to the young man.

"Why, that is my father's snuff-box!" cried out Edward Morris. "Where did you get my father's snuff-box, sir?"

Everard made a quick motion to withdraw the snuff-box. Then he shut the lid with a snap, and slid it back into his pocket. "As for being your father's snuff-box," said he, "'tis no such thing. My uncle gave it to me when I left New York."

Then a sudden light broke on Edward Morris, and he shouted out: "Watch the door there! You damned robber! I know who you are now. That snuff-box was stolen from my father, and you are the man who took it! Here, catch him! The man's a thief; I know that snuff-box very well."

The room had been reeking hot and full of the gunpowder smoke from the pistol that Everard had fired, and some one had thrown open the window.

Before any one could move to stop him Everard had ducked under the corner of the table, and the next moment had reached the window with a bound.

At the same instant there was a second sudden stunning report. The escaping man spun around with a sharp, keen cry, and at the same time his arm fell at his side. He staggered for a moment and swayed. He did not fall, however, but sank back, leaning with his back against the wall, and the next moment a stream of blood was running down across the back of his hand. "You've done the business for me this time, young sir," said he to Jack Hill, who stood half hidden in the cloud of smoke, the pistol still gripped in his hand.

"Take care, gentlemen!" cried out Jack. "He's only winged in the shoulder." * * * *

CHAPTER XXXIII.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

* * * *

CONCLUSION.

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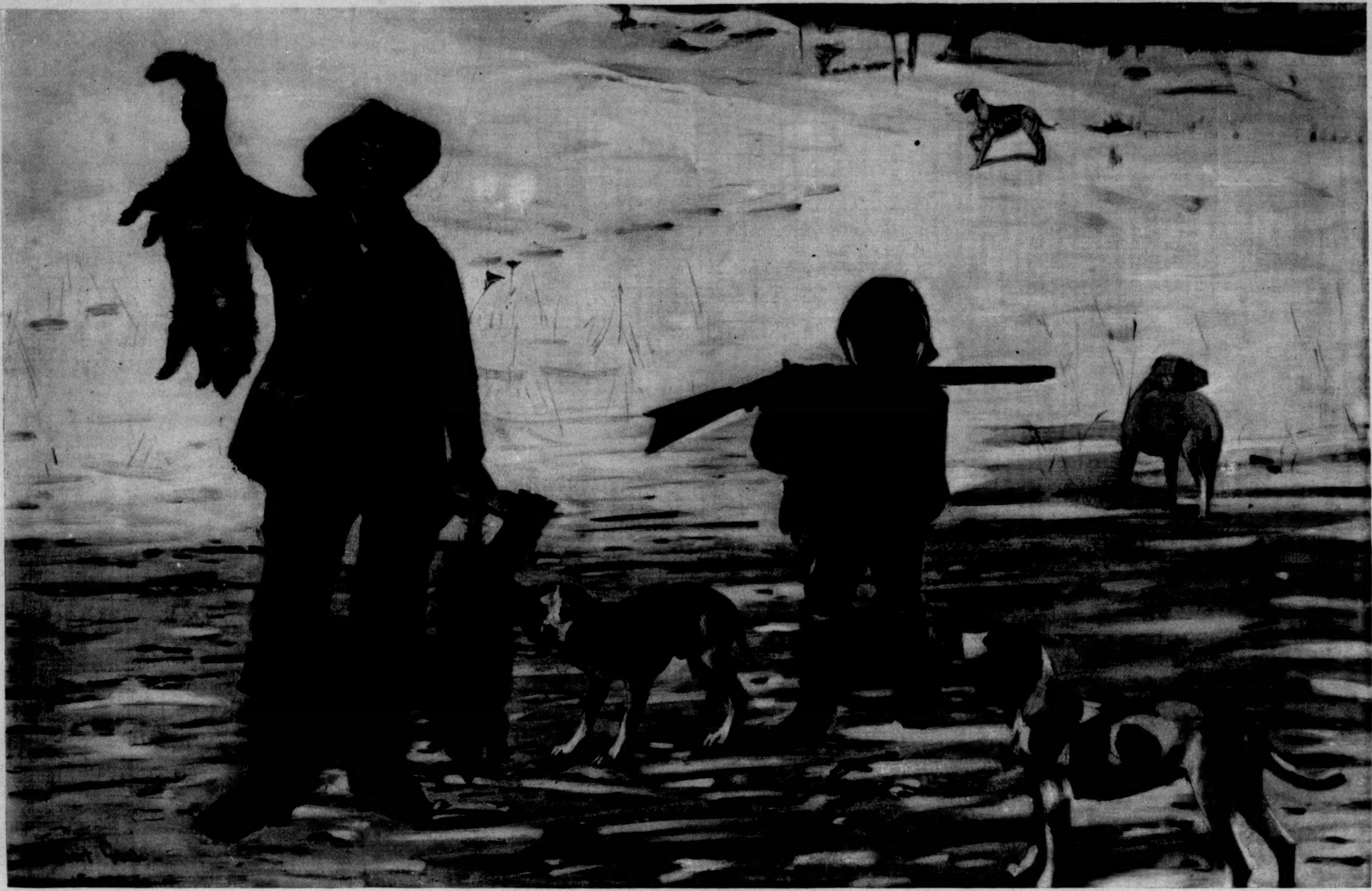
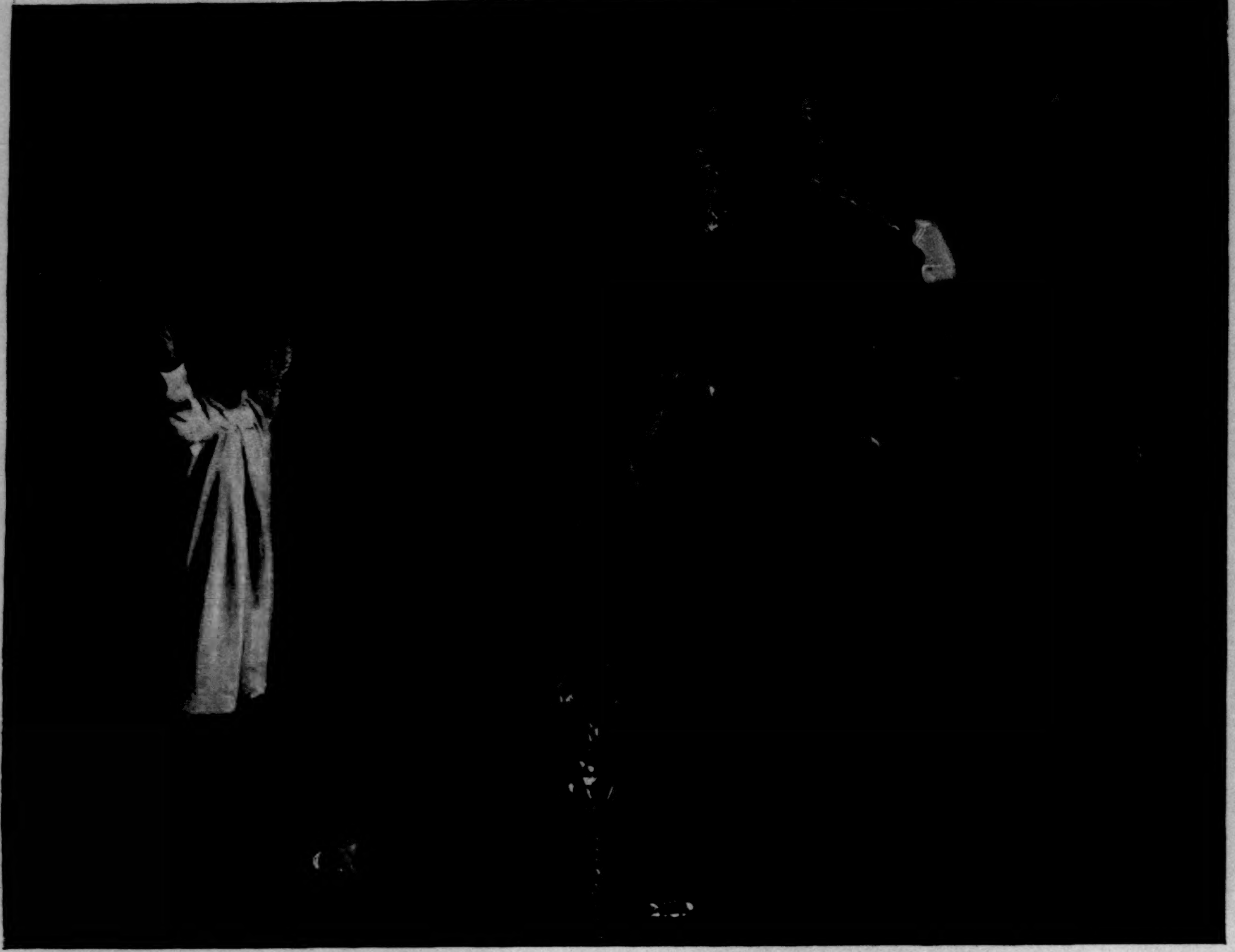
THE END.



IN OLD VIRGINIA—"DE CHRISTMAS DINNER AM SAFE FO' SHO'."—DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.



CHONITA'S SLIPPER.

BY M. G. McCLELLAND.—ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.

IT got whispered about Los Vegas that Fritz Berger, the German manager of the Square and Compass Ranch, had money by him.

Certain well-known characteristics of the German were touched on, and instances of marked preference for seeing his money in tangible rather than representative shape were cited. Manuel Ansures, the Mexican vaquero, who liked Berger, and worked at the Square and Compass Ranch, whenever his free soul permitted him to work anywhere, had been heard to declare that the German had an antipathy to banks, and a rooted distrust of them.

As for the gold, it was there; his two eyes had seen it, a glittering pile on the German's desk, one night as he passed close to a lighted window. Berger had been counting it.

For months Manuel kept this discovery to himself, liking Berger, and having some elemental notions of honor. But one afternoon, at Con Sweeny's dance-house, when he was very drunk indeed, the talk chanced to veer to the Square and Compass Ranch, and, without malign intention, he took those present into confidence.

"Madre de Dios! that gold!" boasted Manuel, with maudlin iteration. "You should see it. A lump like a nugget, all a-shine like the eyes of Chonita when she makes the high jump and sends her slipper over a man's head."

"About how much would it tally?" questioned a bystander.

A spasm of futile drunken caution swept over Manuel. He lifted his shoulders and spread abroad his hands, palm outward.

"Quien sabe?" he drawled, and after that would say nothing.

Two men exchanged glances and stepped outside. One was a thick-set, broad-bearded fellow, whose accent and certain inherent peculiarities announced him a Southerner. His companion was a Greaser, joyously irresponsible, and a miscreant to the finest fibre of his being. His name was Pedro Mundo.

The name of the Southerner—like the exact locality of his birth—was an unknown quantity, and the sobriquets under which he drifted were as shifting as a pirate's ensign. In Los Vegas he was known by the generic term of "Dixie."

Both men habitually did the things which they should not, and not infrequently found the financial consequences hard to meet.

The Greaser drew his companion into a stable-yard, and seated himself on the tongue of a wagon. The Southerner slouched against the front wheel. There was snow on the Madres, and the wind swept downward from them keen-edged as a cimeter. At the zenith the color was hard like new iron. The very sunlight slanted coldly, and from the general aspect of things a norther might be brewing.

The Greaser drew his hat low, and swore fretfully. "Tomorrow's Christmas," he observed, glancing sideways.

The other man nodded.

"Big blow-out at Sweeny's to-morrow," Mundo proceeded. "Money does it. Hi, pard? Sweeny brags on the spread—says 'twill be top notch. Turkey from Arizona, prairie-hens, canned truck an' deer meat, frijoles, chile-con-carne, tamales, tortillas, an' sour-dough bread." He enumerated the dainties with significant gusto. "Thar'll be dulces for the women too, an' licores for everybody. Con ain't stintin' nothin'. Madre de Dios!"

He dropped his hands to his knees despairingly. It harrows to describe joy and know one's self outside of it.

The listener made no sign save a slight shifting of weight from one foot to the other. The Greaser's eyes glistened.

"Chonita's booked for the new high kick she's been practising, Con says—the best yet. Didn't you promise to fill her slipper with gold?"

Dixie let the wheel have his weight so suddenly that it creaked. He had many promises in mind for the morrow. Chonita's slipper full of gold was not the most pressing. A woman will sometimes listen to excuses for broken financial obligations, but men are less amiable. And it was on the cards that within thirty-six hours two men of Los Vegas would be looking for him with pistols. There might be unpleasantness, and later a corpse with a wooden platter on its breast mutely soliciting contributions for burial. Men are hasty.

The slipper worried him, however. Gallantry was inherent—and Chonita had eyes like twin stars. And other men loved her. At thought of other gold than his own in her shoe, his blood ran hot. He plucked at his fur cap savagely.

The Greaser chuckled low in his throat. "Those *diablitos* from over seas," he suggested, "they have money—the coyotes. And we—basta!" He spread abroad his hands in proof of their emptiness.

There was a bustle outside the gate, and a buckboard drawn by thoroughbreds turned into the yard. It held a jovial party of ranchmen, who had come into town for a lark and some belated Christmas shopping. The man in charge was a good-looking German, and the entire outfit was in boisterous spirits. After the team had been housed the party separated, agreeing to meet at the stables after midnight for the home drive. The moon would rise late.

The Greaser chuckled in his throat again and smote his hands together. "A dark trail ain't nothing to a mustang," he observed. "This here's the Square and Compass outfit. When Chonita's slipper falls to-morrow night thar'll be gold for it. Sabe?"

The Southerner made no response, but when Pedro sprung from his seat and bestirred himself to get ready a couple of mustangs he followed and lent a hand without protest.

The wind still rushed snow-fanged from the Madres, and bit into their faces as they rode against it. They buttoned their coats to the chin, and Dixie pulled down the fur cap.

The mustangs travelled well, and the night was still young, when they sighted a low light, which they knew proceeded from the hacienda. From this point the trail left a cañon, the prairie sloped to a low ridge, from whence it slipped cleanly to a watercourse.

Half a mile out on the higher range of the prairie the trail circled to avoid an old buffalo-wallow, which had been taken possession of by prairie-dogs. Mundo's mustang, which led, essayed to make the necessary curve; but her rider held her to a straight course. She reared, sprang aside with a sharp squeal of protest, hung her off fore foot in an outlying dog-hole, and plunged forward. Her rider went over her head like a rocket, and rose to his feet blaspheming. Then he staggered uncertainly, and dropped back with a groan.

Dixie pulled up and dismounted, thrusting about cautiously with his foot before descending. The fluency and fervor of the Greaser's profanity reassured him.

"What's the damage?" he demanded, peering about.

"My ankle's broke, or something," came the answer, rising above the soft scramble of tiny flying feet and a chorus of shrill yaps. "I can't stand."

Dixie fumbled for his match-box and kindled a light. The Greaser's face was twisted with pain, and he worked at his boot.

"Let me," suggested Dixie, and whipped out his knife.

In a moment the leather was slit up and the boot peeled off. The ankle was dislocated.

The mustang had made a futile effort to rise. Her leg was broken.

The situation looked serious, and the men consulted. The Greaser was cowed by his accident, and unnerved. For him the outlook in Los Vegas was not so vital as for the other man.

Dixie's fibre was more sturdy. He disliked to admit defeat. There was perversity in him, and pluck. He never abandoned a point until of his own motion he ceased to care about carrying it out. With his mind's eye he could see Chonita smiling at him above a slipper full of gold, while the other fellows glowered in the background.

He made the Greaser as comfortable as circumstances would permit, and gave him his flask.

"Don't drink much at a time," he advised, "and keep your leg covered with the saddle-blanket. Here it is, and both serapes. S'long." Then he departed.

The hacienda lay silent, and, to all appearance, deserted, showing light only at one point. Dixie dismounted, and made his way through the court-yard. The house was built in the old Spanish style, all on a level, with rooms communicating, and nearly all opening out on an encircling gallery through casement windows. There was no sound or movement, even of dogs, at which the intruder wondered, until he remembered having heard Berger declare that dogs represented nothing save fleas and hydrophobia.

The sash of the lighted window yielded readily to the hand, and an exhilarating recklessness took possession of the man as he stepped inside and glanced about. Back in his past there had been demoralizing influences with which the present adventure had association. He had been a bushwhacker during the war, and for a time had his ideas of *meum et tuum* regulated by the law of force. And since then border license and dissipation had proved bad cinches for slack morals.

The room gave evidence of family living. Pushed to one side was a sewing-machine with a half-finished garment under the needle, and near it a low rocking-chair containing a woman's work-basket overflowing with gayly tinted scraps of silk and ribbon and shreds of gold and silver paper.

A smouldering root fire in the air-tight stove took the chill off the air, which was rendered more pleasant by a faintly aromatic odor of pine. Dixie glanced about him, forgetful for the moment of his own errand.

In deference to German sentiment, and at great expenditure of personal trouble, a piñon-tree had been secured, and now stood on the centre table, bravely decorated for Christmas with glittering gold-paper chains and balls and stars of shining tinsel. There were gayly bedizened horns of plenty likewise, which only awaited the return of the men from Los Vegas to overflow with sweeties.

At top the tree was ornamented with a resplendent angel, of domestic manufacture, clad in snowy ascension robe, and garnished with great gold-paper wings that seemed fairly to quiver and wave when the light struck them. In uplifted hands the angel bore a rose-colored candle, all ready for lighting, and long loops of rose-colored ribbon fell from it, and showed against the white robe like dawn touches on a pearly cloud.

The decoration of the tree was complete, even to the multicolored tapers which Germans love, and only the presents, the fruit, and the sweeties remained to be added.

It had been years since the Southerner had seen a Christmas tree, and he examined this one with almost childish interest. Memories dormant for years stirred strangely, and thrust up through the rubbish and drift of later accumulation. Christmas had always been a big time on the far-away plantation which had witnessed his own beginnings. All the children had been tucked into bed extra early on the momentous night before Christmas, with strong injunctions from the old colored Mammy to "shet dem eyes right tight, an' keep 'em shet, 'kase ef ole Kris was to ketch 'em peepin' he'd fill deir stockin's full o' green switches."

He had not thought of the old woman for a quarter of a century, but now, in the reflections glinted back from the Christmas trappings, he could see her jolly dark face smiling beneath the folds of her turban, and the uplifted finger with which she was wont to enforce her admonitions. He remembered how manfully he would strive to keep awake, with intent to surprise Santa Claus at his work, and how he used to strain his ears for the soft ringing of sleigh-bells and the prance of small hoofs on the roof. What matter if he knew that roses were abloom in the garden and alligators grunting and booming in the bayou? None the less had he believed in that sleigh and its Northern accessories.

And those old-time Christmas mornings, when the negroes, large and small, all raced to "de big house" at daybreak with shouts of "C'ris'mas gif'!" and chuckling peals of laughter! Many a time he had capered about the veranda in his little night-shirt while his mother served out presents of dry-goods and groceries to the women, and his father rejoiced the hearts of the men with silver coins and goblets of the Christmas eggnog. How jolly it had all been!

He glanced about differently, touched by unwonted impulses. From the mantel-shelf depended a child's stocking, still empty, and beside it a baby's pink sock. Dixie involuntarily slipped his fingers into his vest pocket, and drew from thence his last coins—a couple of Mexican dollars—and dropped one into each stocking. Then he glanced back at the tree, and smiled in his beard.

"The tots will have a big time about daybreak," he muttered.

Where children were concerned his instincts were very human.

A gurgle of laughter caused him to face about suddenly. The portière of an inner room had been lifted, and in the aperture stood a big, fair, blue-eyed boy of three, his tousled yellow curls sticking out like a halo, and his soft cheeks aflame with delight and excitement. Thrills of delicious excitement ran through his small body, and tingled to the tips of his pink toes. No doubt of the stranger's identity troubled his mind or made him afraid. This was Santa Claus, sent by the dear Christ-Child with the beautiful tree, which his mother had told him about, and the sweeties and toys for good children. Did not his appearance bear witness? Had not the picture of Santa Claus in the big red book just such a short, thick-set figure, just such a fur cap and long boots, and, best of all, just such a great broad beard? And had he not been caught in the very act of filling the stockings? What would you?

Letting the portière settle back to its place, the little fellow trotted forward, intent on thrusting his acquaintance on this most desirable visitor. His eyes sparkled, and his face dimpled all over with joyous anticipation. The intruder regarded his advance with dismay.

"Hello!" he ejaculated, involuntarily, as the boy ranged up in front.

"Hello!" was the affable response. "I tatched you, didn't I?"

The appositeness of the remark made Dixie grim. Caught he was, most undeniably. A fellow-feeling for the little watcher touched him, as well as an amused recognition of his own pose.

"See here, youngster," he expostulated, "you've got no business awake. Santa Claus don't like peepers. They bother him. You must tote fair, you know. Just trot back to bed now and wait until morning."

The boy received the suggestion with scorn. Leave this glorious excitement of a personal interview with Santa Claus for the dull decorum of bedclothes? Not if he knew it! He bounced up and down on his pink toes with determination, his little tongue going like a spinning-wheel with chatter about the Christ-Child. Then he caught sight of the glittering tree, and fell silent.

Dixie was at his wits' end. Time and the situation both pressed. A clock in the next room struck one, and he knew that the moon's rim must be showing above the horizon. The outfit must be about starting from Los Vegas. From habit he felt for his flask, and then remembered that he had left it with the Greaser. He could not strangle the brat, or make him howl—his feeling was against both modes of procedure, to say nothing of the risk. An idea occurred to him.

"See here, kid," he bargained, "if I show you something pretty—something real Christmas—will you let up and go to bed like a man?"

Fritz nodded ecstatically. Of course he would go back to bed when he had seen what he wanted. Was he not a good boy?

Dixie stood him up on the table beside the Christmas tree and lighted every taper. The boy shouted for joy. Then catching sight of the angel, his little face steadied to awe. He backed away from the tree with eyes uplifted for a better view, whispering reverently that it was the dear Christ-Child. Then he dropped down on his dimpled knees and laid his hands together, and repeated aloud a little German Christmas prayer that had been taught him.

A queer electric sensation tingled through the spectator. Southerners are emotional, and prone to disconnected and dominating impulses. Dixie felt one rise within him, sweep forward, and crest in resolution. He extinguished the tapers carefully, and reminding the child of his promise, set him softly behind the portière. Then, without a look backward, he left the house. The night was waning, and moonlight filled atmosphere and earth with illusive ethereal radiance.

The Greaser lay in a huddle under the serapes, stupefied with pain and the contents of the flask. His ankle was swollen stiff and throbbing with fever. Dixie loosened the bandages, wondering what under the canopy he should do. He did not regret the outcome of the adventure. It amused him. For looting, he decided, the fillip of war was essential.

Chonita's slipper must go empty.

The present emergency pressed him, for Mundo was beyond riding, and Los Vegas ten miles away. He set himself to cursing comprehensively. While so engaged a buckboard loaded with a jovial party of ranchmen dashed up in the moonlight, and a big German called out to know what was the matter. When the situation was explained to him he proffered assistance with energy.

"It's too far to town," he declared, "and a man with a broken ankle is a poor traveller. My ranch is close by, and we have good beds and kind nurse. Come with us home and welcome, both of you. Jump out, some of you well men, and put the poor fellow in. The Christ-Child loves all—and to-day is His birthday."

A CHRISTMAS SNOW-BIRD.

He knows no rosy garden, he knows no leafy way
Aglow with trembling blossoms, yet all the Christmas-day
His notes like flower petals along the snow-drift stray,
As if his merry bosom were brimming with the May.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

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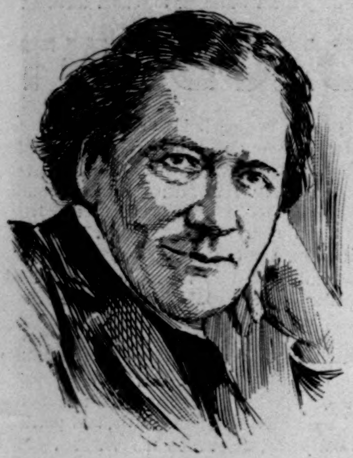
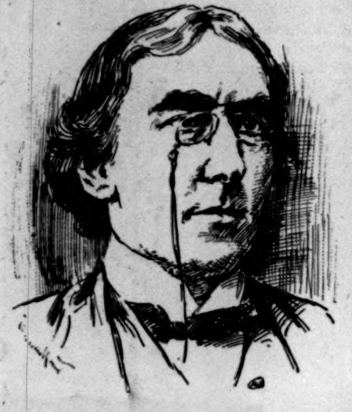


"VIN MARIANI" is perfect; gives health, drives away the blues.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.



I am well convinced of the excellence and quality of "VIN MARIANI."

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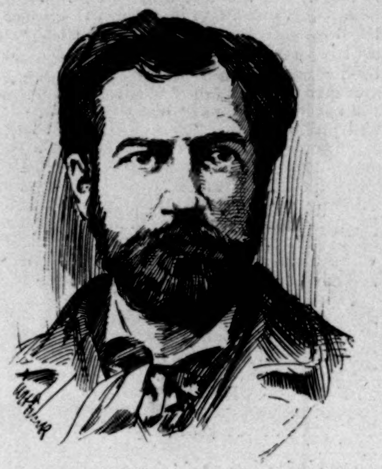

"VIN MARIANI" brightens and increases all our faculties.

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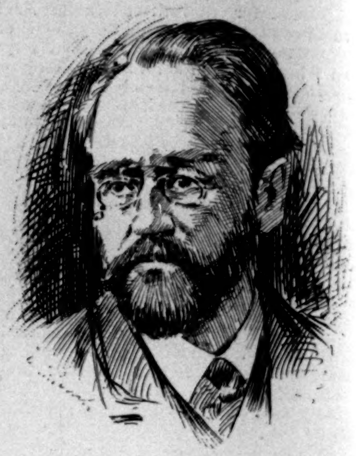
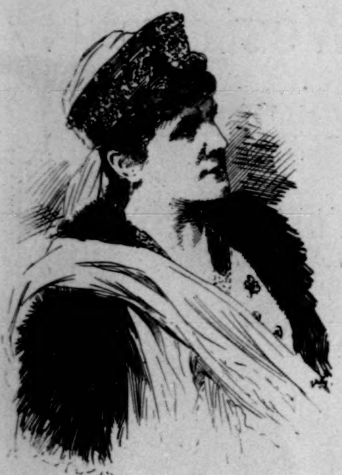


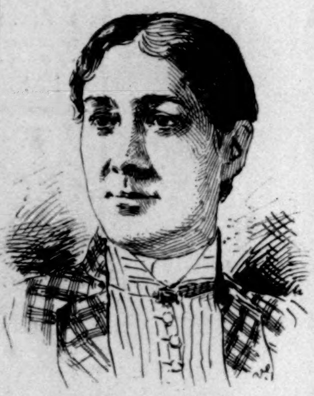
"VIN MARIANI," the Elixir of Life, gives vigor, health, and energy.

EMILE ZOLA.



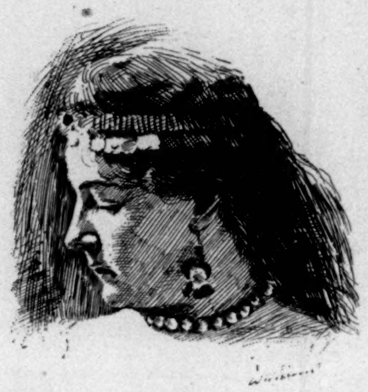
I owe to "VIN MARIANI" a constitution of iron, which resists all fatigues.

RHEA.



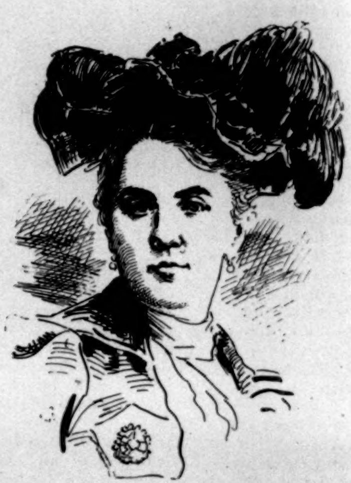
"VIN MARIANI" is certainly a great help to voice and system.

MRS. KENDAL.



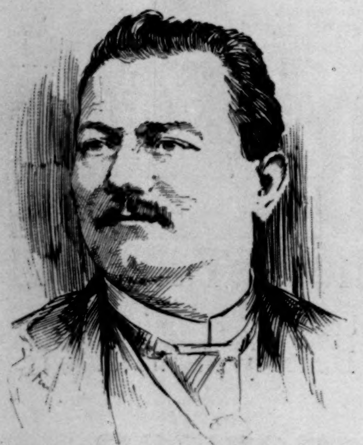
"VIN MARIANI" has been the most wonderful tonic for me; it is unequalled.

FANNY DAVENPORT.



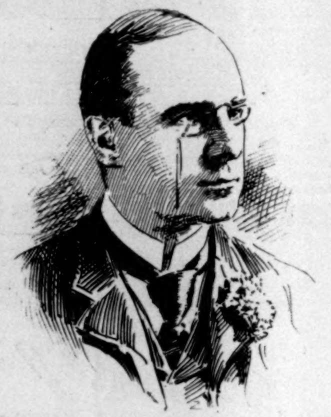
"VIN MARIANI" is the most effective, at same time pleasant tonic.

ADA REHAN.



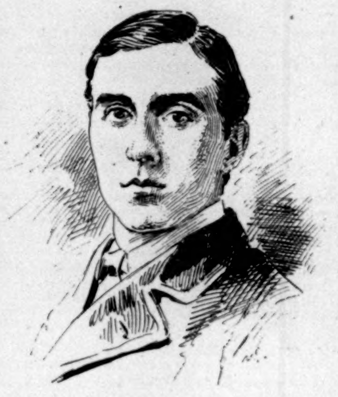
When fatigued, no remedy can be so thoroughly relied upon as "VIN MARIANI."

ITALO CAMPANINI.



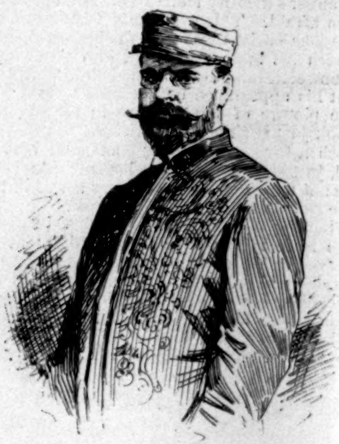
When fatigued, a small glassful of "VIN MARIANI" works wonders.

RICHARD MANSFIELD.



"VIN MARIANI" is of greatest value as a tonic; I always use it.

E. H. SOTHERN.



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THE END OF THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

BY WARDON ALLAN CURTIS.—ILLUSTRATED BY PETER S. NEWELL.

"THERE ain't no sech thing as the *Flyin' Dutchman;* you are right there, my friend; but there was once, for I have seen it myself.

"When the war of 1812 was over my grandfather was a good deal bothered about what to do with the *Governor Carver*, the smart little privateer he fit with all through the war. She wasn't big enough and built right for a merchant vessel, and nobody wanted a privateer now that the war was over. He could use her for a pirate ship; that was about all. He had allers fancied a pirate's life; but he didn't exactly like the idee of takin' other people's property, and still less he didn't like the idee of gittin' hanged, if he got ketched at it.

PORTRAIT OF MY GRANDFATHER.

"He had a smart first mate on his vessel, named Ezra John Hawley, who had often given him valuable advice, and on the present occasion he asked Ezra John what he thought could be done.

"'I've been thinkin' about it for several days,' said Ezra John, 'and I think the best scheme for us to make money would be to capture the *Flyin' Dutchman.*'

"'*Flyin' Dutchman?*' said my grandfather.

"'In the eyes of the law them fellers on the *Flyin' Dutchman* is dead,' said Ezra John, 'so we can't be arrested for piracy, for we ain't robbin' nothin' but ghosts. Furthermore, lots of folks say there ain't any sech thing as the *Flyin' Dutchman;* though there is, for I have seen it myself. Again, them fellers on the *Flyin' Dutchman* ain't never goin' to appear against us in court, for they can't git around the Cape of Good Hope, and they've got to do that before they git here. And lastly, that there vessel is full of gold coins and silver coins, and all kinds of silver-ware, and the finest kinds of silks, shawls, spices, and such like from India, and prime wine, and brandy, and rum that beats New Bedford all holler.'

"'Some of our crew will be afraid to go,' said my grandfather. 'They say them things on the *Flyin' Dutchman* is devils.'

"'Let all those that are afraid stay to home,' said Ezra John. 'We'll fill their places with theological students, who won't be afraid to fight devils—even glad to.'

"I was with my grandfather on the *Governor Carver* when she set sail for the Cape of Good Hope to look for the *Flyin' Dutchman*, with all of her old crew aboard except six, their places being filled by six theological students. We cruised around the Cape for two months without seein' anything of the *Flyin' Dutchman*, and the crew got disgusted and wanted to go home; but Ezra John called their attention to the fact that the *Dutchman* was only seen in stormy weather, and that it had been fair ever since we had been at the Cape. At last there came a storm, a tremendous old storm, and we was pretty well put to it to keep the masts standin'. Right in the height of the storm, when all the regular crew was workin' for dear life, and the theological students was readin' Scriptur', a big square vessel loomed up through the dimness of the spray and rain, and there was the *Flyin' Dutchman* as sure as shootin', a-bobbin' and a-bowin' on the great waves that had been gallopin' clear across the South Pacific, but not budging forrard an inch. The *Governor Carver* flew right past her, and pretty soon we could hardly see her through the clouds of spray and rain.

"'READY FOR BOARDERS!' SHOUTED EZRA JOHN."

"'Stand by for stays,' commanded Ezra John, and all the crew thought he was crazy and never moved, for it was a dangersome thing to turn around in that storm and race back into that howlin' wind.

"'Stand by for stays,' yelled Ezra John, and he snatched the wheel out of the helmsman's hands, and the crew see he was goin' to fetch her about anyway, and they sprang to their places, and round she came with a great poundin' and bangin' aloft.

"'Double-shot the guns and give 'em a broadside as we go by,' yelled Ezra John. 'Let the theological students touch 'em off; they ain't good for nothin' else.'

"'Twarn't a minute before we was within a biscuit-throw of the port side of the *Dutchman* and fired six twelve-pounders and a long thirty-two smack into her hull, but she never trembled nor shook a mite.

"'Didn't hit her!' screamed Ezra John, hoppin' mad.

"Then Ezra John and the old one-eyed quartermaster from Newburyport sighted the long thirty-two, and fired at her mainmast without hurtin' anything.

"We came about after we had gone half a mile astern of the *Dutchman* and fired at her with our bow-chasers all the time we was overtakin' her, the flashin' and roarin' of the cannon minglin' with the lightnin' and thunder of the storm as we went scootin' through the gloom after that unearthly thing there, heavily risin' and fallin' on the waves like a swimmer that is 'most tuckered.

"As soon as we ketched her we crossed her bow, and raked her with our port batteries; then ran under her stern, and raked her with our starboard batteries, and threw a lot of hand-grenades aboard. It never hurt her no more than so many drops of water.

"'The ship is accursed,' said my grandfather. 'Iron and gunpowder can't hurt what time and tempest doesn't harm.'

"'Ready for boarders,' shouted Ezra John, payin' no attention to my grandfather. 'If we can't hurt their ship, we'll take their cargo by force.'

"We came up alongside, grappled with her, and seventy-five of us leaped aboard; but we never done a thing, for there was at least two hundred Dutchmen on deck and comin' out of the hatches, all lookin' astonished and puzzled but not the least bit angry.

"'Why, what does this mean?' asked the captain, a tall, fine-lookin' dark man; 'why have you English been firin' at us with guns charged only with powder?'

"We see that what we had allers heard was true: that the gillies didn't know they was under a cuss, and that was why they didn't know they couldn't be hurt, and consequently thought we had been firin' blank charges at 'em. We was findin' out lots of things.

"'We was only tryin' to scare you. This is April-fools' day, and we was havin' some fun,' said Ezra John, preferrin' to pocket the insult of bein' called English rather than try to explain to 'em about the United States of America.

"The captain of the *Flyin' Dutchman* didn't exactly understand the joke; but he warmed up and got friendly, and told us how he had been tryin' to git around the Cape now for seven or eight months, and couldn't do it on account of head-winds; and how his crew was gittin' discouraged, and wanted to go home.

"'Been here eight months and can't git around! Is the storm just as hard as it was eight months ago?' asked Ezra John.

"'Just as bad,' said the captain of the *Flyin' Dutchman.*

"'Looks as if you might fool away another eight months and then not git around,' said Ezra John.

"'It does,' said the captain of the *Flyin' Dutchman;* 'of a truth, it does.'

"'Well, then, I'll tell you what. The trouble with you is that you can't git around the Cape of Good Hope. Turn your ship around, go across the Pacific, around Cape Horn, across the Atlantic, and home. I've been that way often, have the charts, and I'll take you through. Our vessel is goin' that way too, and we'll go along together.'

"The Dutchmen was quite well pleased with the notion, though not wildly overjoyed, like they would have been if they had knowed they had been at the Cape of Good Hope for nigh on two hundred years. In an hour's time we was both sailin' east, the *Flyin' Dutchman* and the *Governor Carver*, with Ezra John on the *Flyin' Dutchman.*

"Every evenin' Ezra John used to come aboard the *Governor Carver*, and every time he fetched along a little money or something wuth havin'. This was his scheme in goin' home with the *Dutchman*, for he calculated that before we got to Ascencion or St. Helena he would have got most of the gold and silver stowed on our ship, and when we put in for water at one of them places and the Dutchmen was runnin' around on shore, we'd grab the rest of their things and sail away, for we could sail twice as fast as they could. By rights them Dutchmen was dead—and their children and grandchildren really was dead—and they didn't have no claim on any property. By the marine law of salvages the property was ourn if we got it.

"Unfortunately, after the second or third week, Ezra John got to carryin' away too much, and the Dutchmen begun to suspect him. After that they kept such a close watch on him that he couldn't git nothin'. More than that, they kept a guard on the ship when we put in for water at Ascencion, and we had no chance there, and it begun to look like we was goin' to git left entirely.

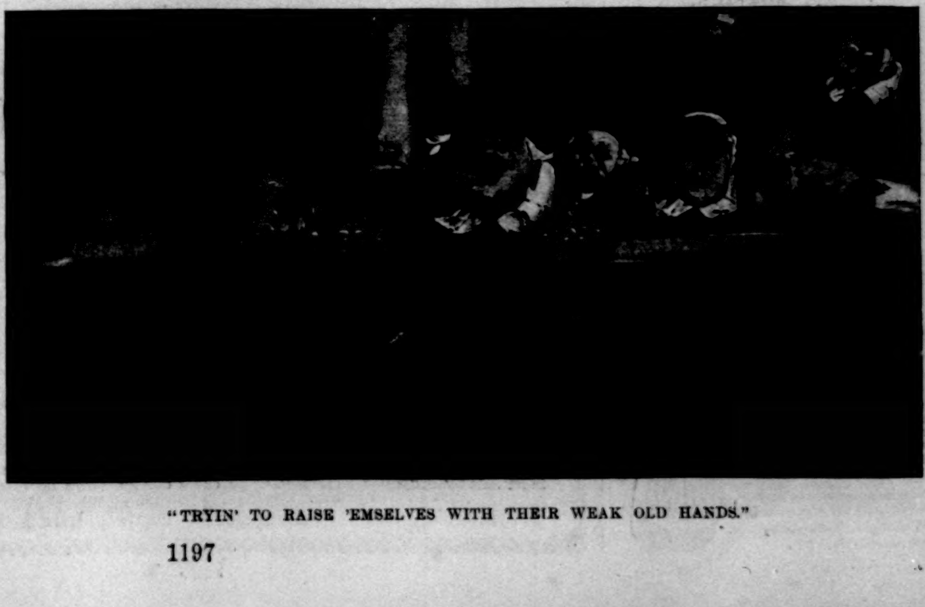
THE DISCOVERY OF THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

"'There's one more hope,' said Ezra John. 'I have allers heard that if those fellers ever got back to Holland, the cuss would be lifted, and they would die like ordinary men. We'd better stay with 'em; and if they die when we git to Holland, we'll just take the cargo and keep it. We can do it all right.'

"The Dutchmen got kinder chipper as we neared Europe, and our folks got downhearted. The nearer and nearer we got the more and more anxious we was to see how things would turn out, and when we got in the English Channel there wasn't a man on the *Governor Carver* whose nerves wasn't all on end with suppressed excitement.

"It was early mornin' when we sighted the low Dutch coast, and I listened for a cheer from the Dutchmen, but none didn't come, and I looked over to see what the matter was. Ezra John Hawley was the only man standin' on the deck of the *Flyin' Dutchman.* Lyin' around on the deck, tryin' to raise 'emselves with their weak old hands, so as to look over the bulwarks, was a lot of feeble old men lookin' towards the shore so lovingly, so peaceful, so happy, so glad, that it seemed like I was at the meetin'-house on a spring Sunday. Before long all of 'em was down—dead I guessed, and I was right. I seen Ezra John dodge. A piece of the riggin' had fallen down and just missed him.

"'The old ship is goin' to pieces!' shouted my grandfather, and the crew piled aboard of her and began to unload her. All the gold and silver was saved. That was to be my grandfather's share. Ezra John was to have the silks and spices and everything else after the crew had got their prize-money. The silks and spices was wuth a good deal more than the gold and silver; but Ezra John had got up the whole scheme, and grandfather was willin' he should have 'em. But the silks and spices all rotted away, the ship rotted, everything that would decay in two hundred years rotted away. Even the casks around the rum and wine rotted away, and the liquor ran into the boats, and the crew drank most of it up right then. Seein' that Ezra John wasn't goin' to git nothin', grandfather gave him the *Governor Carver* when we got back to America. With a crew composed of the six theological students, and some other fellers he scraped up around, Ezra John sailed away to look for a treasure he had heard the Spaniards buried in Panama. I have allers thought they turned pirates, for they never was heard from again, though perhaps they was lost at sea."



"TRYIN' TO RAISE 'EMSELVES WITH THEIR WEAK OLD HANDS."

MR. BINGLE'S CHRISTMAS.

"I DECLARE, I hate to see a Hartford newspaper come into this house," exclaimed Mrs. Bingle, as she slapped the family mail—it was a newspaper—on the breakfast table. "It's from your brother, of course," she continued, after looking at the address.

"I don't see why you feel that way about it," said Mr. Bingle, as he set down his coffee-cup. "If Edward is getting on I'm sure I'm glad of it. He's the only member of the family that ever did."

"Oh, I've no objection to his getting on, but I do hate to have him perpetually flinging the fact in our faces."

"Tut, tut, Maria! I think it kind of him to keep us in mind at all. Some people puff up so with success that they forget their relatives entirely."

"He might make his boasting of more account to us, then, by sending money instead of marked newspapers."

Mr. Bingle was silent for some seconds, and his face wore a pained look. He looked up at the "Home, Sweet Home," done in worsteds, above his wife's chair; then his eye roved out into the white street. At last he said, in a low, constrained voice: "I hope that you will never say that again, Maria, nor think it, either. Would I accept money that I did not work for any sooner from Edward than from any one else? So long as I am making twenty dollars a week, and have this house nearly paid for, we are not subjects for charity."

"You know I didn't intend that. I mean that he might send us a present once in a while."

"Which would be charity, unless we sent him one in return; and we can't afford to make presents, with rent and coal as high as they are, and two boys to take care of."

The woman sighed, and leaned back in her chair. "You are such a hopelessly unpractical man!" she said. Yet there was that in her look that made her husband feel that he was right, and that she knew it.

John Bingle opened the paper. It contained a paragraph to the effect that, as an instance of the way trade was picking up, Mr. Edward Bingle had just built a 50×75-foot addition to his factory, had wired the place for electric lights, and had taken on more than twenty new men. It would be necessary to run the shop overtime for a few days to fill the demand for orders that were coming in for his patented specialties. And of course there was a complimentary phrase or two about energy and enterprise. John Bingle sat for some time unconsciously holding the sheet before his face after he had read the item. He was looking through the paper at things that had happened a long time ago—pictures, comedies, of memory. He saw what good men like to see—a country home, clean and thrifty, with two barefooted urchins playing before the door, himself and his brother. He saw the two at school, at work. He remembered how they went to town together, worked at the same bench, lodged in the same room, and put their few spare dollars into the same bank, until Edward, who was the more active and the more sanguine, withdrew his little savings to buy an interest in a humble but promising manufacturing venture. With that they had come to the parting of the ways that lies before us all. Edward could now write his check for five figures, and lived in a handsome house; his wife was going to Europe, and his oldest boy was preparing for Harvard, while John, the poorer brother, would have to put his boys at work before they were of age.

And John Bingle, catching himself in a sigh, changed it to a cough. Then he arose, with a little shake of the shoulders, called for his lunch-box, kissed his wife, patted the heads of the two boys, who were still delving their way through large bowls of oatmeal and plates of toast, and set off. Happy John Bingle, to have work when so many had none! Happy John Bingle, to have a home, a wife, children, friends! Happy John Bingle, to have a brother who would soon be rich and famous!

Though his wife had called him unpractical, there was no man in the shop who stood higher than he in the estimation of his employers. Not only was his work neatly and conscientiously done—as well done always as he knew how to do it—but he was often asked to advise his bosses as to dealing with mechanical problems in new machinery for which they had received contracts. Some day, he felt in his inmost heart, he would have a raise of wages for this. He used to hope that some time he and his brother might have gone on together; but, pshaw! he had no business skill and knowledge, no courage; his education had not been so wide and complete as Edward's, and considering how they differed in position and temperament, he had done what was for his own peace of mind in declining Edward's offer to make him foreman of his place when he began to make money.

That morning, as he left his little two-story house, he looked back and saw his wife's sad face at the window; for it always appeared to make her sad to hear of his brother's success. He did not realize, poor dull male creature, that she wanted to be prouder of him than there was occasion to be up to that time. He kissed his hand to her gayly, shook his head as if reproving a naughty child, and trod on through the slush, thinking what would be done for the happiness of his family two days from now, for that would be Christmas. It is one of the delights of poor people to figure on these little festivals, and the recording angel would be no

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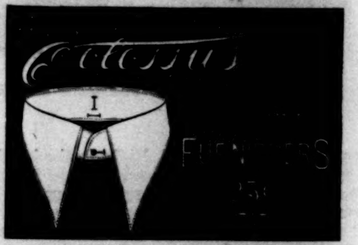

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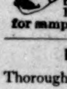

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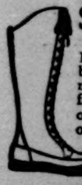

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angel if he did not wink, or turn his head away, at the little deceptions that are practised by those who are rich in love, but who never have as much money as they want, nor even as much as they need. John, for instance, used to require an unusual number of car fares about that time, and he used to say that he wanted to add something warm—tea or coffee—to his lunch that he carried in his box. That was true. He did want to, but he had other use for the money. Such things are small matters, but they count up. Bless you! there was no time in the year when he ate so little and lived so hard generally as he did just before Christmas. It was a relief to his stomach when that season of gladness was over. The pennies seemed small as he put them aside in the little box in his desk—which desk was always kept locked for a month before the holidays—but when he collected them they figured up into five or six dollars, and that, with the money that his wife helped him to save for the children, and the two or three dollars set apart for the biggest dinner of the year except Thanksgiving, made him almost important until it was spent.

He was thinking how much would be at his command this year, and how it should be laid out. The car fare and money for uneaten lunches would be for his wife, of course. She should have that tortoise-shell comb that she had admired in Doll & Dibble's window; her best stationery was nearly out; then she should have a handsome new coffee-pot, and a silver spoon with her initials on it. If only there were enough to get that sapphire ring at Spitzenmayer's! But that was simply out of the question.

The boys—enough had been put aside for them to insure a happy day. There were to be skates, and a box of paints, and a couple of books, and a cheap camera, and a pound of candy—for what was Christmas without candy?—and the new checker-board. What a pity we cannot all be made content so cheaply!

Being a conscientious man, John worked as hard that day as he had on any other, and he did not allow his holiday plans to set him adream over the bench. Only at noon he took the ten cents that he was to get hot coffee with, put it into his watch pocket, and had a long drink of water instead. He always went home promptly, and as he did so that night he intercepted the postman, who was about to ring the bell, and took the letter from him. It was addressed to himself, and as his wife was putting the finishing touches to the supper, he went into the sitting-room and read it.

He was glad that his wife was not there to see him read it, for he felt himself turn white and serious, his hand shook, and it was some time before he could get a grip on himself. He read the thing three or four times over, then stuffed it into his pocket, and nervously paced up and down the room. Then, with a gesture of his hand that said he would have no more of it for the present, he went to show himself before his family. At supper he was uncommonly sober and absent-minded. He spoke little, his brow knit at odd times, and his wife was sure that he was "coming down" with something. When she asked him if he did not feel well, he replied that he had been confined in-doors too much of late, and thought a long walk would do him good. The slush was freezing, and it was fair going on the sidewalks. Then, as he brightened a little over the hot tea, he looked at Mrs. Bingle significantly, nodded in the direction of the two boys, who were bent over their plates, and noted the answering smile which was an assurance that the pocket-book would be forth-coming presently. Mrs. Bingle was politic. She sometimes bought things for the boys in company with her husband; but there were times when she knew that her own presence in a shop with him was embarrassing.

Only two days to Christmas. The shops would be full, and there was much to do at home. Mr. Bingle went into the kitchen after the meal, and said: "I guess you must be tired, Maria. I can economize time by taking my walk and doing the shopping in a lump. You go to bed early, and I'll smuggle the things into the house after the boys are asleep."

As she had already been doing some shopping that she had told him nothing about, and as she really was tired, she consented to do this, and, covered with his thin overcoat, Mr. Bingle sallied away toward the gayly lighted main street. There never had been a time in his life when there seemed to be so many things that he really must get. He went in and out of the big shops, fingering his money at the doors, pricing and examining, doing his best to make up his mind, sometimes, with the assistance of the clerks, doing it.

He always liked to have the presents in the house and out of sight a good twenty-four hours before the great event, to guard against delays and accidents, and it was a really accommodating shopkeeper who promised to have all his parcels sent around by ten o'clock. Of course it was nearly twelve when the wagon really got there, but Mr. Bingle did not notice the hour, for he was at the window looking at the sky, and his mind had never been so full, so anxious, so perplexed, as it was then. That letter! Ought he to have told his wife about it? Who could tell that this might not be the last Christmas they would ever spend under that roof together? Heyday! Life is full of change, and it cannot always be to our liking.

It was a cold, bright, cheery Christmas, and every member of the Bingle household was up betimes. It must be a bloodless sort of people that would not rise early on that day. A fire was blazing on the hearth that was only used on state occasions, and an air of comfort pervaded the little parlor. The presents were arranged along the wall beside the fireplace, for Mr. Bingle had been working secretly during the watches of the night. His wife had surprised him, as her way was, before he was up by giving him a house-jacket, a dozen handkerchiefs, and a subscription to his favorite magazine, all of which put him in high humor, and his face beamed and broadened as she had not seen it do since the night that he got that letter. He even seemed to her to have a sort of mirth and mischief lurking in the corners of his mouth.

They went down stairs together, Mr. Bingle having already been down while it was yet dark to stir the fire and raise the shades, and as they entered the parlor Mrs. Bingle threw up her hands and the boys raised a whoop of ecstasy. Such a spectacle had never before presented itself in the Bingle household. For Mrs. Bingle there was a big bolt of silk for a dress, the easiest kind of an easy-chair, a whole set of china decorated until it made your eyes water, a silver-backed comb and brush, a seal-skin sack, and a ring containing a large sapphire surrounded with diamonds. As to the boys, it seemed to them as if they had secured the contents of a book store, so numerous were the picture-books, the tales of blood and fight, of travel and adventure on sea and land. Then there were a tool-chest, an air-gun, a bow and arrow, two cameras, two spick-and-span bicycles, a bat and ball, a big box of candy—well, it would be almost easier to say what there was not than to tell all there was.

After some speechless seconds Mrs. Bingle embraced her husband and sobbed. "I hope," she said, "you haven't been doing anything wrong, John, to get all these things."

"Only what you wanted me to do," he answered. Then for the first time since the arrival of that letter John Bingle burst into a big, hearty, honest laugh. "I guess nobody has gone wrong," he added. "Here's what explains it all." And he produced from his pocket the letter he had received two evenings before. Mrs. Bingle dropped her seal-skin sack to read it, and when she had finished it she cried—with happiness. For here was the matter of it:

"HARTFORD, *December 22d.*

"DEAR BROTHER JOHN,—At last I am in a position to fulfil the promise I made to myself years ago, and send you a present that I hope is worth having. You may think it strange that I have waited so long. It is but recently that business has been anything like so sound as people fancy. I have been in tight places once or twice, and have waited to see whether the field was broad and safe enough to venture into it with a larger force, and assume more risks for the chance of a greater profit. The time has come when I am fairly on my feet. So to celebrate that event I send my check for a thousand dollars, and wish you a merry Christmas with every dollar. Furthermore, I want you to regard that check as payment on account. You know that the things we are making are largely inventions of your own, that you never had the spunk to get patented, so I did that for your protection as well as for the benefit of both of us. You are to be partner in this business from the first day of the new year. Somebody must look after the mechanical part of it while I deal with office matters. No doubt I have been selfish, but I have considered myself a trustee for your inventions. If they failed, I was prepared to lose. If they won, you were to gain. Knowing your conservatism, I wanted to see the way clear to success before I asked you to throw up your present work. There is a back account to be balanced as soon as you come on. We all send love to you, to your wife, to the boys. Affectionately,

"EDWARD."

"And you're the man," exclaimed Mrs. Bingle, a little later, when she had recovered from the surprise in a measure, "who couldn't take money from his brother!"

"Well," said John, rather sheepishly, "I never had it flung at me in quantities like that before, and I had spent it while I was trying to make up my mind whether I ought to or not. I knew you wanted the ring, and—"

She cut him short with the hardest hug it was in the power of her arms to bestow, and punctuated her words with kisses: "You—great—big—foolish—overgrown—boy."

"Besides," resumed Mr. Bingle, when he had got his breath, "this seemed to be a business transaction."

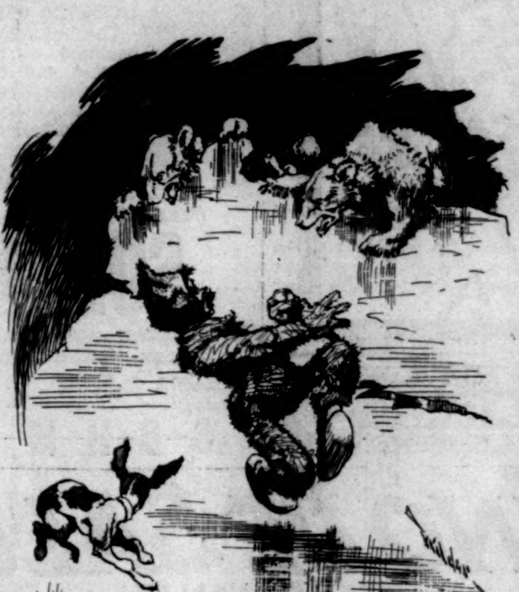
C. S. M.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

XIX.—IN HIGH LATITUDES.

THE conversation, gently but imperceptibly moulded by the crafty Jones, had drifted around to the subject of fear, and no sooner was it well grounded than he announced boldly that he felt impelled to confess that he was once genuinely and unmistakably scared.

"On that occasion," he went on, "I knew what it was to be frightened, to feel an unutterable sense of terror, and to give way to it. I never gave way to the blind animal instinct of fright but once; and the consequences might have been so disastrous that I have never allowed it to happen again. It is not flattering to one's self-esteem to feel that one was saved by chance."



"It seems to me," said Jackson Peters, "that you have been saved by chance a great many times, according to your own story. How about the time in Africa when you woke up and found the elephant preparing to lie down on you for the night?"

"I rolled out of the way and went back to sleep," answered Jones. "No luck about it. He took up more than his share of the bed for the rest of the night, but I didn't make any objections.

"But, Jones," said Robinson, soothingly, "you started to tell us of your scare."

"True; and I will. It was a number of years ago. I was following the sea at the time, and was first mate of the whaling bark *Flying Cloud*. We entered the Arctic Ocean through Bering Strait, and cruised about for several months. Our luck was poor, and in our anxiety to fill our oil-tanks we staid a day too long, and got nipped in the ice.

"Darkness, of course, soon closed around us, and the cold became intense. It was a hard winter even for that extreme latitude. None of the crew had ever experienced anything like it. I may illustrate it in a measure by this incident, which, though trifling in itself, remains fixed in my mind: I went to my room one night with a candle, as usual. Got ready for bed, and tried to blow out the candle. Couldn't do it. Looked closely, and saw that the flame was frozen solid. Broke it off with my thumb and finger, jumped into bed, and slept soundly till morning.

"My naturally adventurous spirit took me out much, and I had soon explored the neighborhood. Being a good shot, I frequently brought in fresh meat, which was greatly relished by the crew. The captain warned me, however, that I would come to some danger if I persisted in wandering away from the ship; but, with the recklessness of youth, I did not heed him. I had my dog Bones with me, and together we would go out every day on a hunting trip. You will remember that Bones was not a hunting-dog, being, in fact, a corresponding member of the Philadelphia Canine Universal Peace Society; but he was much company for me, nevertheless. Poor dog! he finally choked to death on the wish-bone of a Thanksgiving turkey.

"On the 10th of January I left the ship, as usual, at about nine o'clock in the morning with my rifle and Bones. The stars were shining brightly, and a beautiful aurora lit up the landscape. I hoped to kill one or more polar-bears.

"I was about two miles from the ship, and was clambering up a small ridge of ice, when suddenly from the other side an immense white paw upraised, and with one blow my gun was knocked from my hands. It disappeared in a crevice of the ice, and as I jumped back, four large polar-bears leaped into view and began scrambling down the ridge. They were evidently made desperate by hunger, and I saw that there would not be the least delay in their attacking me.

"It is at this point, gentlemen, that I have to confess my fright. Not that I haven't on many other occasions run from danger; when discretion is the better part of valor I choose the better part; it is no disgrace to retreat in the face of an overwhelming force; but in my other retreats I have kept my head and known precisely what I was doing. But on this occasion—it may have come from the darkness, the weirdness of the scene, the suddenness of the attack, the utter desperation of the situation, the hollow cries of the ravenous beasts, the wailing of poor Bones—I know not what it was—but I felt a sense of hopeless, abject terror. Seizing my valuable dog by the nape of the neck, I turned and fled blindly, ignominiously, and as one bereft of all reason.

"Naturally, in my insane condition—for it amounted to little less—I could not judge how long those terrible animals followed me, but it seemed that for hours they were close behind, uttering their starving, hideous roar, and gnashing their famished, savage teeth. My speed must have been something terrific, and far beyond that ordinarily possible for a man, since the bears did not overtake me. I carried Bones under my arm, with his tail waving behind, and whether it was torn at by the bears, or worn out by the frightful wind born of my flight, I know not, but I do know that it became a sorry and bedraggled appendage.

"As I said, I do not know how long the bears pursued me; I only know that at last I became conscious that they were no longer behind, partly from my own senses, now in a measure returned, and partly from the fact that Bones no longer kept up a prolonged and cowardly wail. Now, gentlemen, comes what is perhaps the most extraordinary fact connected with my whole career. I do not pretend to account for it—I simply give it to you as it happened. When I realized that I was no longer followed, I of course decided to stop, but, gentlemen, when I attempted it, I found I had no more control over my legs than I had over the movements of the planets. I willed to stop, but my legs rushed on with the same rapidity. I looked down upon them curiously, as they flew like the spokes of an engine-wheel, and with precisely the same feeling that I might look at such a wheel. I felt as one might feel on a hand-car which was running away down a steep grade. My fright had, in fact, produced some sort of aggravated chorea, or St. Vitus's dance, and the muscles of my legs were as completely out of my control as those of my heart. I rushed on across the frozen plain involuntarily and automatically.

"When at last I had fully taken in the curious situation, I looked at the stars, and found that I was moving a little north of east, directly away from the ship. I discovered that I could guide myself, if I could not stop, and my first thought was to turn and allow myself to run toward the vessel. It then occurred to me that I was going at the rate of at least twenty miles an hour, and that I must have been running for three or four hours, so the hopelessness of finding the ship was apparent. For another hour I rushed on, and considered the situation. Suddenly a thought which almost dazed me rose up in my mind. I would turn due north, and perhaps reach the very pole itself before I ran down.

"Gentlemen, this is already a long, and, I fear, an unprofitable tale; I will hurry to my conclusion. For hours I swept on at the same appalling rate. I felt no weariness, only the exhilarating sense of being carried along as if on the wings of the wind. Hunger I felt occasionally, which I satisfied with strips of pemmican, which I took from my pocket, not forgetting to give faithful Bones his share. On the morning of the third day, January 12th, I saw by the stars that I was in the immediate neighborhood of the pole. At eleven o'clock I was sure that I was almost or exactly crossing it. Patriotic instincts rose in my bosom. Pulling out a small American flag, I attached it to a strip of pemmican, frozen like a rod of iron, and, as I tore over the spot like a terrified ghost, I stuck the odd staff in the snow, and took possession of the region in the name of Congress and President Buchanan. It was a scene to remember: the calm unvexed polestar in the very zenith looking down upon a scene it had never witnessed before; the awful limitless plain of eternal snow; the brilliant aurora hanging like convoluted curtains of a hundred colors about the mighty vault of heaven; the glorious stars and stripes fluttering proudly in the breeze; Bones waving his dismantled tail, and rolling out a glad patriotic howl; and my own legs rushing on with their long gallop like the everlasting beating of the unwearied wings of the eagles of the sun. I turned neither to the right nor to the left. But my face, before to the mysterious north, was now set toward the hopeful south. Three days later, on January 15th, I reached a settlement on the Yenisei River, in Siberia, where I staid till spring, when I came home by the way of Moscow and St. Petersburg, bringing Bones with me."

"But," said Jackson Peters, earnestly, "how did you stop at the settlement?"

"I threw myself on my back, while the governor of the province and three soldiers sat on my legs till they became calm. Gentlemen, I hope never to be frightened like that again."

H. C.

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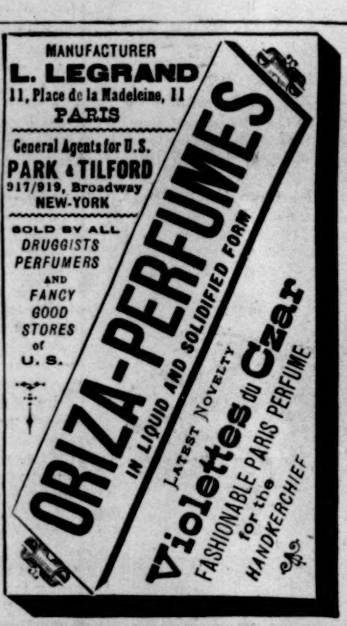

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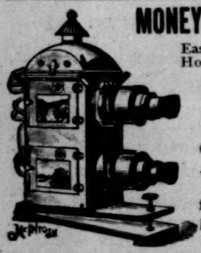

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AMATEUR SPORT

All-America team for 1894:

Butterworth, Yale, captain and full-back.
Knipe, Brooke, U. of P., half-backs.
Adee, Yale, quarter.
Stillman, Yale, centre.
Wheeler, Princeton, and Hickok, Yale, guards.
Waters, Harvard, and Lea, Princeton, tackles.
F. Hinkey, Yale, and Gelbert, U. of P., ends.

Substitutes:

Beard, Yale; Wharton, U. of P.; A. Brewer, Harvard; and Holly, Princeton—in the line.
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The choice of an All-America football eleven for 1894 is by no means an easy one to make. Last year the situation was comparatively simple, a certain number of players having proved so unquestionably superior in their respective positions that the selection of the best became a matter in which there could scarcely be differences of opinion. Last year the All-America eleven was, all things considered, the strongest combination we had ever been able to get together. Some of the elevens of former years, as may be seen by the several All-America teams that follow, particularly that of '91, contained as strong individual players; but for an evenly balanced team, including substitutes, that of '93 was the strongest which had been put forth up to that time; the same may be said of the eleven of '94.

All-America team for 1889:

Ames, Princeton, full-back.
Lee, Harvard, and Channing, Princeton, half-backs.
Poe, Princeton, quarter.
George, Princeton, centre.
Heffelfinger, Yale, and Cranston, Harvard, guards.
Cowan, Princeton, and Gill, Yale, tackles.
Cumnock, Harvard, and Stagg, Yale, ends.

Substitutes:

Janeway, Princeton; Stickney, Harvard; Donnelly, Princeton; and Rhodes, Yale—in the line.
Dean and Trafford, Harvard; Black, Princeton; and McBride, Yale—behind the line.

All-America team for 1890:

Homans, Princeton, full-back.
McClung, Yale, and Lake, Harvard, half-backs.
Dean, Harvard, quarter.
Cranston, Harvard, centre.
Heffelfinger, Yale, and Riggs, Princeton, guards.
Rhodes, Yale, and Newell, Harvard, tackles.
Hallowell, Harvard, and Warren, Princeton, ends.

Substitutes:

Hartwell, Yale; Upton, Harvard; and Morison, Yale—in the line.
King, Princeton; Lee, Harvard; Bliss, Yale; and Trafford, Harvard—behind the line.

All-America team for 1891:

Homans, Princeton, full-back.
McClung, Yale, and Lake, Harvard, half-backs.
King, Princeton, quarter.
Adams, U. of P., centre.
Heffelfinger, Yale, and Riggs, Princeton, guards.
Newell, Harvard, and Winter, Yale, tackles.
Hinkey and Hartwell, Yale, ends.

Substitutes:

Holly and Balliet, Princeton; Hallowell, Harvard; and Newton, U. of P.—in the line.
Poe, Princeton; Bliss and Barbour, Yale; and Trafford, Harvard—behind the line.

All-America team for 1892:

Thayer, U. of P., full-back.
King, Princeton, and Brewer, Harvard, half-backs.
McCormick, Yale, quarter and captain.
Lewis, Harvard, centre.
Wheeler, Princeton, and Waters, Harvard, guards.
Wallis, Yale, and Newell, Harvard, tackles.
Hinkey, Yale, and Hallowell, Harvard, ends.

Substitutes:

Adams, Newton, Winters, and Schoff—in the line.
L. Bliss, Osgood, Butterworth, and Poe—behind the line.

All-America team for 1893:

Butterworth, Yale, full-back.
Brewer, Harvard, and Morse, Princeton, half-backs.
King, Princeton, quarter.
Wheeler, Princeton, and Hickok, Yale, guards.
Lea, Princeton, and Newell, Harvard, tackles.
Hinkey, Yale, and Trenchard, Princeton, ends.

Substitutes:

Holly, Taylor, and Balliet, Princeton; and Greenway, Yale—in the line.
Ward, Princeton; Thorne, Yale; and Brooke and Knipe, U. of P.—behind the line.

One of the most noticeable and of course natural results of the tremendous progress that has been made in football science the last few years is the development of high-class players. A few years back an extraordinarily good player stood out so prominently that the effulgence of his star was not lessened by even the approach of others. Thus we often hear to-day men cited who, while they were undoubtedly strong and did great work in their time, would be rather outclassed by the most skilled exponents of modern football. A study of these All-America elevens will corroborate this statement. There are probably a few men whose work, as we recall it, would seem impossible to better in point of brilliancy and efficacy; and yet if we carefully consider the quality of those whom they met, and the difference in play then and now, we must come to the conclusion that the science of football to-day is greatly superior to what it was two or three years ago.

It is very common in the reminiscing of football men to allude to such and such a man as having been "the best that ever wore a canvas jacket"; but memories are always prone to ignore conditions and inclined to glorify individuals. Thus it is common to refer to the contemporaries of our own college days as being altogether a superior class of fellows; there is always a tendency to refer to the "good old days" as being the ones that contained the best of everything going. It is a common fallacy that applies to whatever field we touch. I have had ample and amusing illustration in the last few weeks, while the hue and cry against slugging in football has been rampant. Several men in my presence have, in deploring the unnecessary roughness of the game, referred to the "good old days," when college rivalry was "not so intense" and football play "gentler." But, as a matter of fact, the "good old days" in football saw more slugging in one season than we have now in two or three. Slugging was once so commonplace a feature in football games that it attracted no particular attention from either the umpire or the spectators. Every college man whose memory extends over the last ten years realizes that the quality of football five years ago was very much inferior to that of to-day, and the slugging has decreased as the game has improved. In the season just closed we have had one very unpleasant exhibition of how rough a game may be made when both sides are intent on making it so; but that was exceptional; it stands alone in recent football history, and is not likely to be repeated.

With the exception of the two half-back positions, there is not a single place on the All-America eleven this year for which there are not at least two candidates whose qualifications are so superior that it makes a choice exceedingly difficult. A second All-America eleven might be chosen that would be so very little inferior to the first as to make the result of a contest a question of much speculation. There are so many good men this year that every side of a player's fitness must be taken into consideration before he receives the choice. The all-round ability of a man has, of course, always been the standard governing his selection for this eleven, but it has never been necessary to define qualities so closely as this year.

For the first time in the history of football Cornell presents players sufficiently good to be candidates for the All-America eleven, and it is a notable advance in a university which has not only played a first-class game in every respect, but earned its way to the front ranks in practically the last two or three seasons. The work of the Cornell eleven this year has been exceedingly good; they played a hard snappy game from the beginning to the end of the season, their most notable success being that of holding the Pennsylvania team down to six points, and scoring a touchdown on both Harvard and Princeton.

Of the smaller college teams Brown has unquestionably done the best work. They have played good football throughout the season, making an exceedingly strong showing against both Harvard and Yale, and winding up their season by defeating Dartmouth, 20–4, which carried with it the practical championship of the minor New England colleges.

Lehigh began the season with a fairly strong team, but the play fell off somewhat through the crippling of several of their men. Toward the last, however, they got into shape once more, and wound up the season by defeating the strong Lafayette team, 11–8, after having been rather disastrously routed by the same college a couple of weeks previous.

The play in the West has shown some improvement, though not so much as was to be expected from the amount of Eastern coaching talent in the land. The football has, in point of skill, increased materially, and each university shown a greater number of candidates versed in the rudiments. This of itself is a great improvement over the last couple of years, for hitherto the captain of a Western university eleven has had not only to develop his players, but to oftentimes teach them the first principles of the game. The season of '94 in the West has shown a very great spread of football knowledge, and the general play, too, taking all things into consideration, has been very much better. It has seemed a little strange, however, that with the amount of coaching the games have not shown a higher degree of skill—*i. e.*, that there should not have been more clever work in running behind interference, in round-the-end plays, and in kicking. This is undoubtedly accountable to the fact that the coaches in most instances learned their football several years ago, and, naturally, would instruct a team in a game with which they were familiar. The present style of play, as we see it in the East, has all come about within two seasons, and it will probably be several years more before it has spread to the West. In fact, many of the features that we have had this season and last will very likely never live to reach the West, since a meeting of football experts this winter will correct many rules that now permit of too equivocal an interpretation. While the play has been much improved in the West, and many individuals shown form approaching first class, yet there have been none developed, so far as I have been able to follow, that merit consideration for the All-America eleven.

Michigan has made altogether the prize record of the Western colleges by defeating Cornell on the 24th of November, 6–0, at Detroit. With the exception of Ohl at full-back, Cornell had its regular team, but was fairly outplayed by the Westerners, who showed unexpectedly brilliant play.

As in the last few years, the national team this year is furnished by the larger universities: by the University of Pennsylvania to a more important extent than ever before, and by Cornell for the first time in its history.

Butterworth has been chosen for full-back because he not only equals the best of the season in any one of the qualities that go to make up a player back of the line, but combines them all to a greater extent than any other single individual. In punting and in drop-kicking, Brooke of Pennsylvania is quite as good. In line-bucking there is more difference between them, and that difference, in my judgment, rests with the Yale man. As an all-round valuable man behind the line, in line-bucking, punting, in running the ends, and in using his head under any and all conditions, Butterworth is unquestionably the best man on the football field to-day. He is the man whom I should choose as captain for the All-America team, for the reasons above, as well as for the further fact that he is a gentleman, and I have never seen a man on the field put more encouragement into his team, give them greater confidence, and hold them together more ably than does Butterworth. I have always believed he would have made the best captain for Yale in '94. His method of managing the men has been particularly successful in the games where he has acted as captain. He seems to have the knack of getting the men together, and, by unostentatious means, working them up to a degree of enthusiasm that creates hard snappy work. He has a quiet, businesslike way of going about it that is very satisfactory to football men who watch him from the side-lines, and must be very pleasing to the players themselves.

Ohl of Cornell is another one of the season's full-backs who has made a notable record, but he could not be classed with two such exceptional players as Butterworth and Brooke, though he would be an acceptable substitute for either.

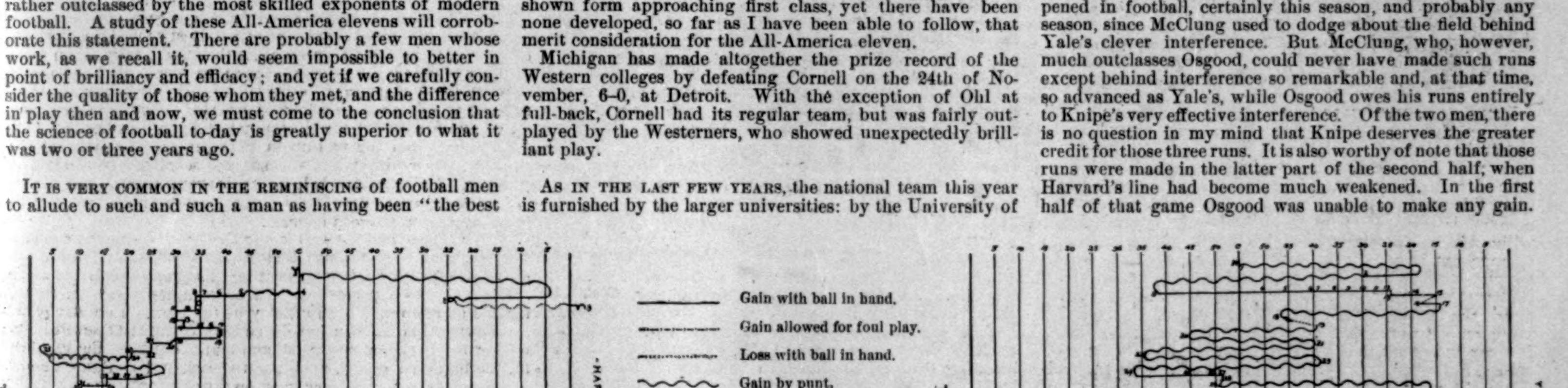
The array of candidates for half-back positions has never been equalled within my recollection—Knipe, Brooke, C. Brewer, Thorne, Osgood, and Ohl. Morse and Ward, whom I consider, in their best form, to rank with this class, have not been fit, nor played the position long enough this season to judge what improvement they might have made on last year. Morse, who probably has no superior as a reckless, plunging line-breaker, has been out of condition throughout the season. He was not in condition to play in the Pennsylvania game, and showed up very indifferently so long as he lasted.

Ward has also been laid up all the season, except the last couple of weeks. He was not in condition to go into the Pennsylvania game, and after that was placed at quarter, in which position he played against Yale. His quarter-back play was what might have been expected from such a cool, heady player as Ward is. He handled a slippery ball without a mistake throughout the game, and ran his team according to instruction. As a quarter-back he cannot, however, be considered this year, as there are several others that surpass him in skill. As a half-back I have always believed him one of the best on the field. He is not the weight of Knipe, Brooke, nor Thorne, but is a player who keeps his head on his shoulders, and is a very valuable man in a close contest.

C. Brewer has been badly handicapped all the season by a very bad ankle, and has not, therefore, been able to do himself justice. Considering his crippled condition, his punting, although outclassed by such opponents as Butterworth and Brooke, was nevertheless very fair. (By-the-way, in my comment of the Harvard-Yale game, in writing hurriedly, I mixed the names of Brewer and Wrightington, saying that it was Brewer's kick which Stillman blocked and scored a touch-down at Springfield, whereas Wrightington was the unfortunate back.) It is not as a kicking half-back that I should consider Brewer as a substitute for the '94 national team, as Butterworth or Brooke would need no assistance in that department. As a plucky ground-gainer, however, Brewer has no superior in football.

Thorne is just another such a thoroughbred as Brewer, with plenty of courage and exceptional ground-gaining ability. I congratulate Yale on his election to the '95 captaincy. As a defensive player, Thorne is one of the most valuable men back of the line.

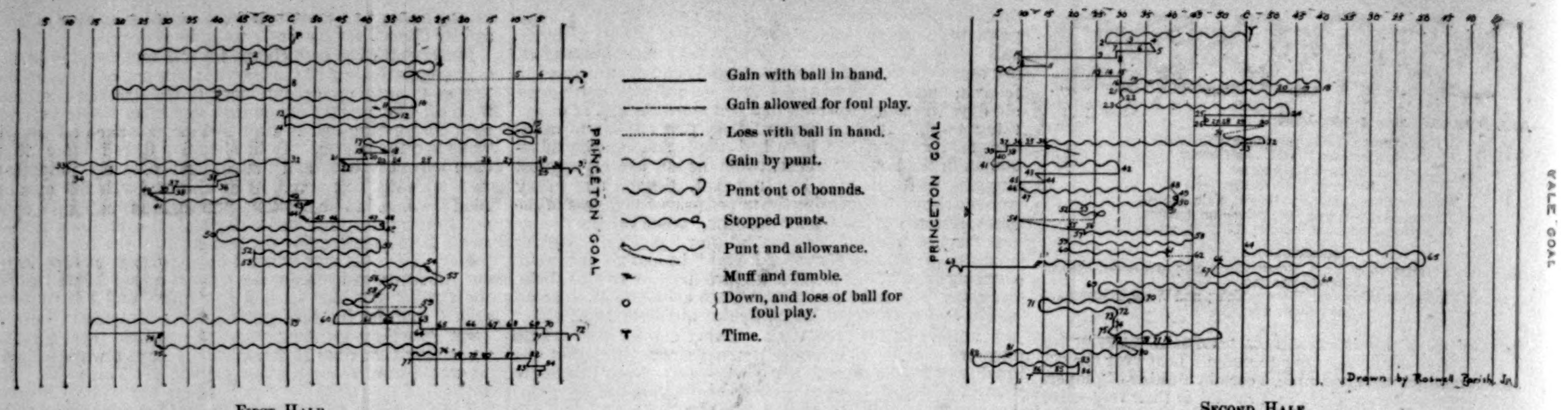
I dare say few will agree with me in leaving Osgood's name off the list of regulars or substitutes. Personally, however, I believe Osgood the least valuable man to a team of any one of the first-class half-backs of the year. Nor am I ignoring Osgood's ability to make occasional brilliant runs; no more do I forget his frequent tendency to run back, and his failure to take quick advantage of opportunities. Osgood is a very strong man, a fast runner, and a hard man to down, especially as he has a habit of twisting himself around as the tackler strikes him; but, for all that, he is a man who never appears at his best except against a weak team. His three runs in the Harvard-Pennsylvania game, of 55, 50, and 45 yards respectively, were quite, from a spectator's point of view, the most brilliant plays that have happened in football, certainly this season, and probably any season, since McClung used to dodge about the field behind Yale's clever interference. But McClung, who, however, much outclasses Osgood, could never have made such runs except behind interference so remarkable and, at that time, so advanced as Yale's, while Osgood owes his runs entirely to Knipe's very effective interference. Of the two men, there is no question in my mind that Knipe deserves the greater credit for those three runs. It is also worthy of note that those runs were made in the latter part of the second half, when Harvard's line had become much weakened. In the first half of that game Osgood was unable to make any gain.



First Half.

Second Half.

DIAGRAMS SHOWING MOVEMENT OF BALL—HARVARD-YALE GAME.



First Half.

Second Half.

DIAGRAMS SHOWING MOVEMENT OF BALL—YALE-PRINCETON GAME, DECEMBER 1st.

On the contrary, he lost something like ten yards once, and about as much another time when he attempted it, and was decidedly uncertain in handling the ball. As a half-back against a hard team, that would be sure to play as strong in the last half as it did in the first, Osgood would not be the man I should want.

AMONG THE BACKS WHO HAVE PERFORMED NOTABLY in the games of the season, Fairchild's name must receive honorable mention. Although he had very little attention this year at full-back position, nevertheless he went into the Harvard-Yale game and did the best work behind the line, showing exceeding skill in drop-kicking, and doing some excellent running with the ball. He showed up well in line-bucking at Philadelphia, until he was obliged to retire from the field, and altogether I consider him one of the most promising players for next year. He has an abundance of pluck, and is always certain of playing his best game in a hard competition.

Of the new backs of the season several very promising ones have come out—Whittemore and Hayes of Harvard, Mills and Jerrems of Yale, Starbuck of Cornell, and Bannard of Princeton. Of these the Harvard men have shown to best advantage, though Starbuck has made a very creditable record throughout the year. Bannard's running with the ball was not particularly brilliant in the game against Yale; indeed, brilliant would be a very incorrect adjective with which to describe any Princeton back's play in that game, where none seemed to have the smallest idea of starting quickly nor hitting the line sharply. Bannard's kicking, however, for a green man, was very good, and if Princeton will take hold of him they will be sure to make something of him as a full-back.

Of all the half-backs of the season, however good as they are, there can be no question whatsoever of the superiority for the All-America team of Knipe and Brooke. These two, with Butterworth, make the strongest combination that has ever been seen behind a line. Knipe is a very fast runner, a hard man to stop, one of the cleverest interferers on the field, and a certain tackle. Brooke is a very hard man to stop, and strikes the line—as, in fact, do both of these Pennsylvania backs—with almost irresistible force. Besides his ground-gaining qualifications, Brooke would likewise add to the strength of the All-America team by his punting and drop-kicking. These three men—Butterworth, Knipe, and Brooke—would be equal to any emergency that might arise, and strong in every department of back play.

PROBABLY THE HARDEST CHOICE TO MAKE is quarter. There has never been a year when four such good men as Wrenn, Adee, Wyckoff, and Williams filled the place. Adee has the greatest experience, and, in fact, between him and Wrenn there is so little difference it is likely enough a matter of opinion which one of the two would be preferable on a team. Both have courage and pluck, both keep their heads in a game, and each has run his team acceptably.

Wrenn has shown remarkable play for a man in his first 'varsity season. His generalship at Springfield was without mistake, with one exception, and that when he waited so near the end of "time" before calling on Fairchild for a try at goal from the field.

Adee has made no mistakes this season, and I remember but one fumble that was his own. He has done a little more tackling than Wrenn and got into more of the plays, and for that reason I should choose him for the All-America team.

Wyckoff, at Cornell, has been especially strong in tackling and getting into plays. In each game he has followed the ball with unfailing persistency.

Williams of Pennsylvania is yet another who has followed the ball and done considerable tackling. It is safe to say that any one of these four would make an acceptable quarter for the All-America team; but, taking all things into consideration, my choice is Adee.

IT IS NOT AN EASY TASK to make the centre choice. Bull of Pennsylvania and Stillman of Yale are very evenly matched, and yet are different in their play. Stillman is a stone wall in the centre, and withal exceedingly quick on his feet for so ponderous a man, as his record of two block kicks this season proves. Bull is a very much more active man on his feet. He is more of the Lewis style of player, without having Lewis's remarkable faculty of going through an opponent, be he never so stalwart. For instance, Lewis, in his play against Yale last year, was down on the field with sufficient frequency to excuse a spectator in taking him for one of the tackles. Bull, in the game against Harvard this year, was not so noticeable outside of his immediate duties. It is my judgment that were Stillman and Bull to come together, Bull would not be able to use his activity to such advantage for his team, and that Stillman's experience and strength and degree of activity would give the advantage in the centre position to his side.

Among the new men in the centre this season F. Shaw, of Harvard, has made a record that is not often equalled by first-year men. He went into the place absolutely green, and yet, despite that fact, made a very creditable showing against both Stillman and Bull. It is through him chiefly that we are able to get a comparative line on the two, and the result of that comparison, and of following the men in other games, leads me to make Stillman the choice for the All-America team. I have, as a matter of fact, always looked upon Stillman's play as somewhat remarkable. He is not naturally an active man, nor does he impress you as being one who would be likely to play anything very hard, yet his football career has shown that he is both active (comparatively speaking, of course) and can stand up to his work like a major.

Riggs of Princeton is another new centre who has shown at different times during the season promise which warrants the belief that in time he will more than fill Balliet's place. Riggs's best game was the one against Yale, and in that his work in the centre against a veteran like Stillman, and his getting into the play, were indeed noteworthy. In fact, I have never seen Stillman keep any vis-à-vis out of a play less than he did Riggs. Riggs's play in the Pennsylvania game was very poor, but he was in no condition whatsoever at that time. He is a very active man and strong, and has besides just about as much weight as Stillman. He ought to make one of the best centres in college next year.

FIVE GUARDS HAVE BEEN PLAYING THIS YEAR, any one of whom would fill the position very strongly: Wheeler of Princeton, Hickok of Yale, Wharton of Pennsylvania, Warner of Cornell, and Mackie of Harvard. For experience and all-round qualifications my choice is Wheeler and Hickok, but Wharton and Mackie would make a powerful duo to place opposite them, though in such a case I believe my choice would be shown the correct one.

I may say, first of all, that I have not chosen Wheeler because of the showing he has made this year. Were I relying on that, either Wharton or Mackie would supersede him in the All-America eleven; but Wheeler has not been himself this year (no more than have several other of the Princeton men), due to some unexplained method by which the Jersey team has been handled. I have put it down as ignorant training. I may be mistaken, but the record of the Princeton eleven this year would rather bear me out in my criticism. It is astonishing that Princeton should have made such a gross blunder in the handling of her men this year, when it is remembered that she was the leader of modern training in '93. There seem to have been many mistakes made, chief of which was keeping the men on practically training diet from the middle of August. Any man of common-sense might have expected such a diet and hard work through September to have brought the men into a state where the stomach absolutely rebelled; but evidently the Princeton management did not realize it until, too late, they were faced by the situation.

I CONSIDER WHEELER ONE OF THE BEST GUARDS we have ever had. I have thought him as good as Heffelfinger, for when he is in condition nothing seems to be able to stop him in running with the ball, in breaking through his opponent, or in getting into interference, while he is strong in blocking and tackling. It is true that Wharton, Hickok, and Mackie have all shown up in the play this year a little better than Wheeler, but, as I have already explained, Wheeler has not been in condition.

Hickok is the best man to be Wheeler's companion on the All-America team, for his experience and general qualifications. He does not get into the play as much as Wharton, but his breaking through and blocking, and, above all, his head-work in a game, give him the choice.

Wharton has closed the season with a most commendable record. He has played a great game from first to last, and the most praiseworthy feature of his work is his getting into the play.

Mackie is somewhat more of the Hickok order, and does not get into the play as much as Wheeler or Wharton, but he is very strong in the line, both in blocking and breaking through. He and Wharton were about equal in the Harvard-Pennsylvania game.

Warner of Cornell is but very little inferior to any one of these men. Of the new men, Rhodes and Shaw have shown considerable promise. Shaw was expected to be a very weak spot in the Harvard eleven, but, although he is a Freshman and absolutely new to the game, he filled the place so creditably that the weakness was not very noticeable. Rhodes showed up in the best condition of any one of the Princeton men in the game against Yale, and played, as was to be expected, one of the most active games of the lot. He lacks experience, but the progress he has made this year rather argues he will be close to the first class in the coming season.

FOR THE TACKLE POSITIONS there is an equal embarrassment of riches; we find Waters of Harvard, Lea of Princeton, Beard and Murphy of Yale, and Wagenhurst of Pennsylvania. All five of whom are exceedingly clever, but, taking everything into consideration, I regard Waters and Lea the strongest combination for the All-America team. Each is very active on his feet, exceptionally strong in breaking through the line and in tackling behind it, and both exceedingly strong running with the ball.

Lea has played only against Pennsylvania this year (and should never have been entered in that game, because he was not fit, and was subsequently retired permanently), so that, as in the case of Wheeler, his play of this year is no criterion. That, however, from all points of view, he plays his position best of any man in college to-day there can be no doubt among those who have followed the matter closely. Both he and Waters have the faculty more than any two men on the field of apparently knowing where the ball is going.

BEARD AND MURPHY OF YALE are a very strong pair, as they have shown in the play of this year. Beard, I think, is the next man to Waters or Lea. He is strong running with the ball, and a very active man in his position, and a hard one to block.

Murphy is one of the cleverest players on the field to-day, and particularly good in getting through and downing the runner. I should say that this year he has tackled the greatest number of men behind the line of any player in the position; but there are other qualifications which lead me to give preference elsewhere.

Wagenhurst of Pennsylvania has put up a very clever game, but I do not consider him quite in the class with these other four. Minds of Pennsylvania has likewise shown a strong game.

Holly of Princeton, who in normal condition would be very close to Waters, has, like the rest of the Princeton men, not shown his best form. Taylor played at tackle, but is not quick enough for that place, his proper one being at guard.

Of the new men, Hallowell of Harvard has made the best showing. He played a very strong game against Murphy at Springfield, and proved that the Yale veteran was not very much better than he. He has the pluck and determination that are characteristic of the Hallowells, and ought to make an exceptionally good tackle next year.

THERE ARE GOOD ENDS WITHOUT NUMBER this year. The two Hinkeys and Greenway of Yale, Gelbert and Rosengarten of Pennsylvania, Taussig and Beecham of Cornell, A. Brewer, of Harvard, and Trenchard and Brown of Princeton. Of these, Greenway has not played this year on account of injury, and Trenchard has not shown his '93 form.

My choice would be F. Hinkey of Yale, and Gelbert of Pennsylvania. Hinkey, without any question, is the cleverest end, from an all-round point of view, of any man playing football to-day. Gelbert and A. Brewer I consider equally good for end play, and the choice falls on Gelbert simply because of his additional qualification of running with the ball.

A. Brewer has played one of the cleverest games of the season, and, in my judgment, made as good a showing in the play of his position as any other man on the field this year, Hinkey included. In breaking up interference he is not so clever as Gelbert, nor is he so strong. The two Cornell ends have played good football throughout the year, and in any other season, when there were not such exceptional players as we have this year, might make the All-America team.

Brown has played the best end game at Princeton, and an exceedingly good game he has put up despite the fact of his being laid off for repairs a greater part of the time. Rosengarten of Pennsylvania played a very good end; in fact, both of the Pennsylvania ends filled their positions well.

One of the new ends of the year—Cabot of Harvard—came out with a rush at the very last of the season, and bids fair to be well up towards the front next year.

WITH THIS '94 ALL-AMERICA TEAM I should not fear weakness on account of accident in any position, for back of the line I could draw on substitutes that are very little inferior, while Ward could be used as either a half-back or a quarter in case Adee was laid up. In the line I would feel equally at ease. I should like to have included Bull among the substitutes, but the play is so much directed against tackles this year that plenty of material for those positions is absolutely necessary. With Wharton I should feel at ease for either guard or centre, while Holly, Beard, and A. Brewer could take care of the tackles and the ends.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA–STANFORD UNIVERSITY football match, won by the latter, 6–0, was the best football the coast has ever seen, and the contest remarkably free from any sign of roughness or brutality—upon both of which facts California is to be heartily congratulated. While a few momentum plays were executed, kicking and more open running made up the greater share of the play. Berkeley easily outclassed Stanford in the kicking, but Stanford's interference and defensive work were superior. Neither side showed any ability for rapid play nor scoring. In the first half Stanford had the ball up in Berkeley's goal nearly all the time, twice within a few yards, but were unable to carry it over. In the second half the tables were turned, and Berkeley knocked at Stanford's gates for the entire twenty-five minutes, but without success.

Once they had the ball inside the ten-yard line on a down, and once, by the short kick of quarter-back Benson, the opportunity for a touch-down had Sherman not dropped the ball. Benson performed this kick capitally several times, and gained much for Berkeley by the play. Berkeley ends, Sherman and Wilson, outplayed Stanford's. Ransome's kicking for Berkeley was good, and had it not been for Fickert, the Stanford guard, breaking through and blocking one of these, there would have been no scoring.

But at that fatal time Cockran, the Stanford tackle, had also broken through, and was with the ball as it rebounded from Fickert over Ransome's head, and he eventually carried the leather over for the only touch-down at the far corner.

Kennedy's punt out was excellent, and a goal resulted from the try. Frankenheimer's individual work, both in running and tackling, was the best exhibited on either team. The Stanford line did much to win the game for the Palo Alto team by its superior steadiness. Upon the defence there were nearly always two men through, and it was this that gave them the touch-down. In offensive work they were very stiff and springy, enabling the backs to strike the line hard and clean.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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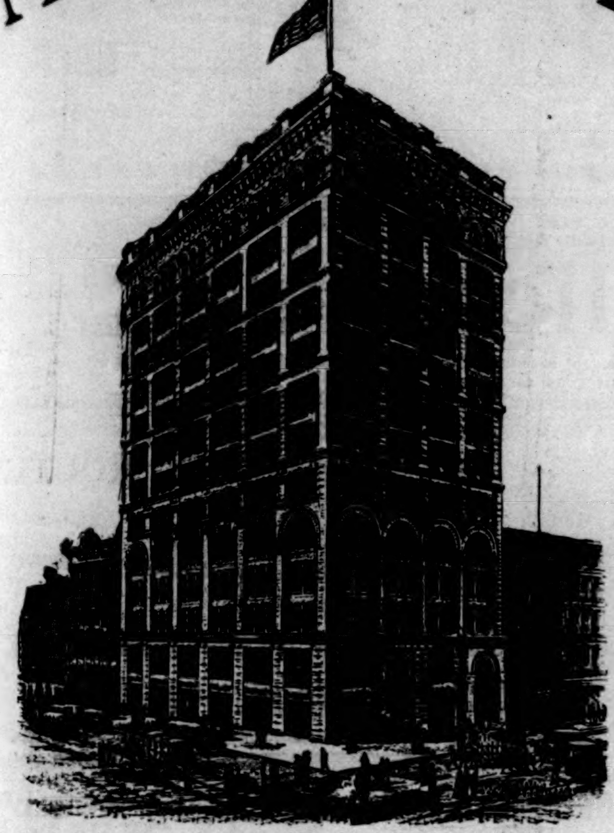

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INSURANCE IN FORCE exceeds	**280,000,000**

Not a single dollar of the accumulated or invested reserve fund has ever been used or required either for the payment of death losses or for any other purpose.

EXCELLENT POSITIONS OPEN

In its Agency Department in every Town, City, and State, to experienced and successful business men, who will find the **Mutual Reserve the very best Association they can work for.** Further information supplied by any of the Managers, General or Special Agents in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, France, and Sweden, or by the Home Office.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE HOME OFFICE INVITED.

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to play *whist without the element of chance* is with the

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They are no larger than ordinary card cases—are built on the simplest principles—durable and very handsome—not at all like the other unwieldy and complicated contrivances. Set of 12 boxes, $5; including 12 packs of Dougherty's playing cards, $7. Express prepaid.

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On and after December 1st, Baggage Agents of the B. & O. R. R. Co. will accept coupons from mileage books issued by B. & O. R. R., P. & W. R'y, B. & O. S. W. R'y and Valley R'y of Ohio, in payment for excess baggage charges, at their face value, 2 cents each. This arrangement will not include B. & O. Mileage Books endorsed "good only on B. & O.," B. & O. Southwestern Mileage Advertising Books, nor books older than one year from date of issue.

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For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; athlete or invalid. Complete gymnasium; takes 6 in. of floor-room; new, scientific, durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors, and others now using it. Illustrated circular, 40 engravings, free. Address D. L. DOWD, Scientific, Physical, and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th St., N. Y., or C. F. Jordan, Chicago Agent, 269 Dearborn Street.

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STAR & CRESCENT MILLS

Turkish Bath Novelties

FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, ETC.

$5 Bath Outfit—Containing a Robe, 2 Towels, 6 Wash Cloths, 1 pair Bath Mitts, 1 pair Flesh Mitts.

$10 Bath Outfit—Containing a Robe, 2 Towels, 1 pair Slippers, matched in design, 2 Frictional Towels, 2 Absorbent Towels, 6 Wash Cloths, 1 pair Flesh Mitts, 1 pair Bath Mitts.

Bath Robes—Men, Women and Children. Price ranges from $2 to $8.

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If not found at your dealers', will be sent free on receipt of price. Returnable if unsatisfactory. Write for **Catalogue.**

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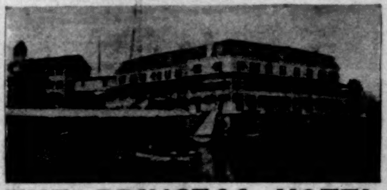

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Circular and information obtained at
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IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

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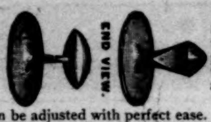
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Only perfect Cuff, Sleeve, and Collar Button made. All in one piece. Goes in like a wedge, and flies around across the buttonhole. Strong, durable, and can be adjusted with perfect ease. No wear or tear. This patent back can be put on any sleeve button.

BENEDICT BROTHERS,
KEEPERS OF THE CITY TIME,
Benedict Building,
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★ **BENEDICT'S TIME.** ★
ESTABLISHED 1821.

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$5. PRESS for cards, circulars, &c. Press for printing a small paper $40.

Saves money! Makes money printing for others. Type-setting easy, printed rules. Stamp for catalogue, presses, type, cards, etc., to factory.
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Perfect Manifolder. Strongest. Standard Keyboard. Simplest. Does Many Color Work.

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The most complete writing machine made. Ask for **SPECIAL Holiday Offer** to *Harper's Weekly* readers, good until Jan'y 1, 1895. Catalogue "F" Free.

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LYONS SILKS.

Colored Satins, Gros de Londres, Muscovite Peau de Daim, Poult de Soie, Black Brocades, Moire Granite, Moire Miroir, Moire Antique, Chine Taffetas. RICH WHITE FABRICS for Wedding Gowns. TAFFETAS, CREPES, AND CREPONS, for Bridesmaids' Dresses. Miroir Velvets, Fancy Figured Velvets, Satin Antique

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MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

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For Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati,
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Eleven through trains each day.
Practically a train every hour, via

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."

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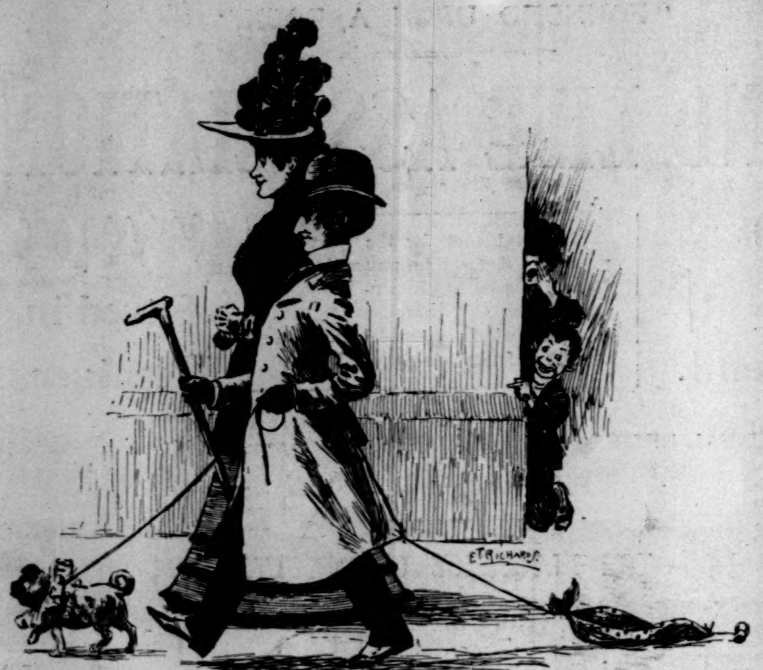
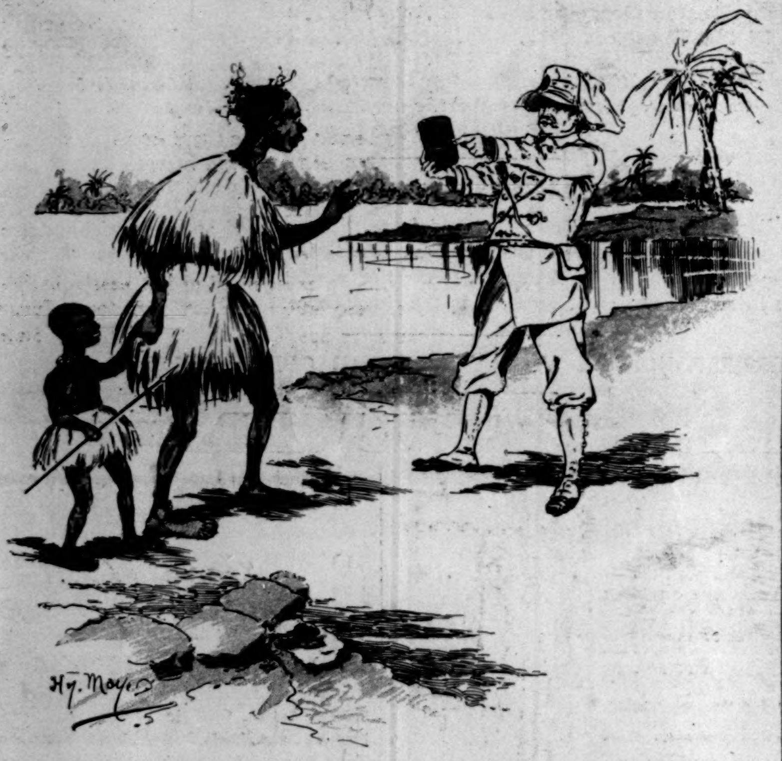


TWO STRINGS TO HER BEAU.



THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION.

CHIEF OF MUGWA. "Mwlkprstfwsukwaugh?" [Which in English means, "What have you there?"]

EXPLORER. "Brswlcamnuwrftbf!" [A can of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder—most perfect made, free from all adulterants—the standard for purity and excellence throughout the world.]

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THE POPULAR GAME

"HALMA"

Just the thing for a Holiday present. It should be in every home. For sale by Toy dealers everywhere. By mail, on receipt of one dollar.

E. I. HORSMAN,

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Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
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"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

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COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

A Request.

Readers of *Harper's Weekly* will please mention the *Weekly* when answering advertisements contained therein.

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SOAP
IT FLOATS
IS NOT LOST IN THE TUB.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CIN'TI.

Begin Dinner

with Soup! It refreshes and prepares the stomach for the digestion of heavier food. And then, Soup making is so easy with

Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

One pound will make delicious soup for 6 persons, daily, for 40 days. Send for cook book.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

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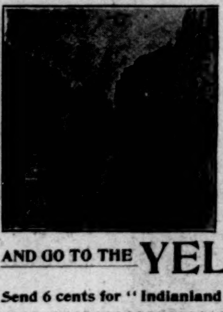
BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.



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YOU GO TO
CALIFORNIA THIS WINTER
RETURN VIA THE
SHASTA ROUTE AND NORTHERN PACIFIC
AND GO TO THE YELLOWSTONE PARK

Send 6 cents for "Indianland and Wonderland." CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

GERMAN MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD S. S. CO. } HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

Fast steamers between New York and Azores, Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples, and Genoa.

Fulda, Dec. 13, 10 A.M., for Genoa.
Normannia, Jan. 5, M., Algiers, Genoa, Alexandria.
Kaiser W. II., Jan. 19, 1 P.M., Algiers, Naples, Genoa.
Werra, Feb. 2, 10 A.M., Algiers, Naples, Genoa, Azores.
Normannia, Feb. 16, 11 A.M., Algiers, Naples, Genoa.
Kaiser W. II., Feb. 23, 7 A.M., Algiers, Naples, Genoa.
Werra, March 9, 9 A.M., Algiers, Naples, Genoa.
Fulda, March 23, 7 A.M., Algiers, Naples, Genoa.
Kaiser W. II., March 30, 10 A.M., for Genoa.

All steamers stop at Gibraltar.

Return tickets available for the steamers of either line from Naples, Genoa, Gibraltar, Hamburg, Bremen, London, and Southampton. Direct connection from Genoa, Naples, to Egypt by N. G. Lloyd S. S. Co.'s Imperial Mail Steamers.

North German Lloyd,
Oelrichs & Co., Gen. Agts,
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The Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received
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In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and *costs less than one cent a cup.*

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PRODUCED BY
Germania Wine Cellars
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Awarded
The Highest Award
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FOR
"*Light, Dry, Finely Flavored Champagne, with Very Clean Taste and Delicate Bouquet.*"

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FLYING

Good bearings and "fastest tires on earth"—
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THAT'S THE SECRET.

Catalogue free at any Rambler agency.

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GRAND AND UPRIGHT
P·I·A·N·O·S

containing their improved method of stringing, *do not require one-quarter as much tuning as any other pianos made.*

THE CELEBRATED
LISZT CHURCH ORGAN

for Parlors and Churches, is the most perfect instrument of its class. Illustrated Catalogues free.

Organs and Pianos sold for Cash or on Easy Payments.

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BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO. KANSAS CITY.

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AWARD: "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect." (Signed) FRANZ VOGT, *Individual Judge.*

Approved: { H. I. KIMBALL, *Pres't Departmental Committee.*
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The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.

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SPECIAL,
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POUDRE DE RIZ. — CH. FAY, Inventor

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and you will experience the greatest pleasure to be derived from wheeling.

Made in the largest and finest bicycle plant in the world, the Victor has justly earned the title of

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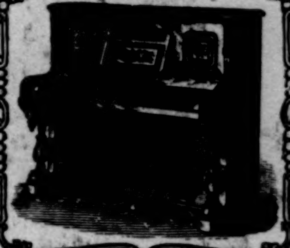
Constructed from the Musician's Standpoint.

Write For Illustrated Catalogue.



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are constructed from the musician's standpoint, as well as that of the mechanic; hence these instruments are distinguished from all others by that pure and sympathetic quality of tone that contains the greatest musical possibilities; that consummation of mechanical excellence that admits of THE MOST DELICATE and IMPRESSIVE EFFECTS, while insuring the durability of the instrument; and that uniform superiority that enhances the pleasure of both performer and listener. Constructed from the very best materials, and employing only the most skillful workmanship, these instruments combine the highest achievements in the art of Piano making, and are

Comprehensively THE BEST now Manufactured.

Warerooms. 5th Ave. and 16th St. New York City.

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CAFÉ, HOTEL, or SODA FOUNTAIN

you will be served with
Hot Beef Tea made from

For DELICIOUS,
REFRESHING
BEEF TEA

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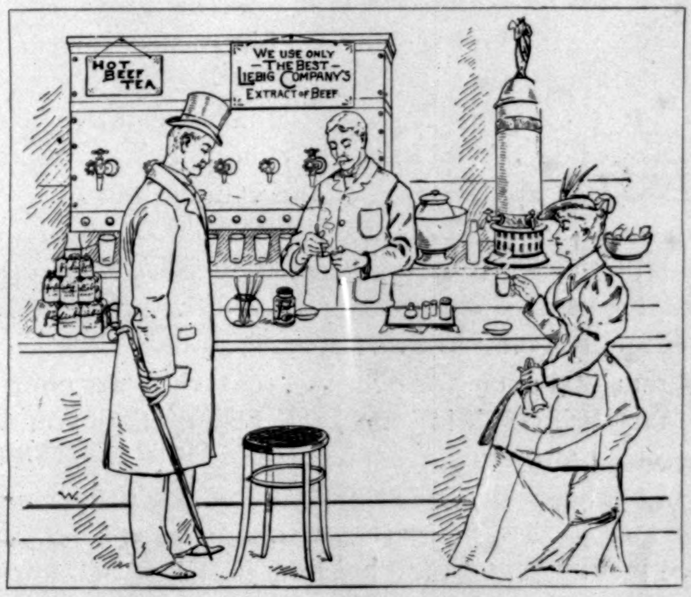
HOT BEEF TEA
WE USE ONLY THE BEST LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

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Because it is the most reliable in quality, the most delicate in flavor, and gives the best satisfaction everywhere.

The great chemist, Baron Justus von Liebig, invented Extract of Beef and also originated the term "Beef Tea." He authorized the LIEBIG COMPANY to use his signature, J. v. Liebig, in blue, on every jar, to prove its genuineness.